VALENTINO TELLS WHAT IS WRONG WITH MOVIES

MOVIE WEEKLY

JUNE 16, 1923

TEN CENTS

"I Shan't Boss My Daughter" says GLORIA SWANSON

Why Screen Stars Should Marry Screen Stars

Mlle. Marguerite

ALBERT R. DUPONT

No. 19 **MOVIE WEEKLY** Vol. III
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Coming

Our New Editor

Fans, salute our new editor, Miss Bebe Daniels!

And now, having done this, get ready for our next week's issue which this beautiful and popular young screen star will edit from cover to cover. It's going to be a humdinger, too, and here is just a whisper of how she did it.

She breezed into our office one day recently and asked just one question: "When do I go to work?"

"Why," we stammered, "right now, if—if you want to."

"Fine," she answered. "Let's go!"

And so, with flashlights flashing and cameras cameraing, little Bebe went about her editorial duties with all the speed of a man going for the doctor, and we're not ashamed to admit that we brought up, panting, in the rear.

"I'm going to give your readers the time of their lives," she announced with a laugh, and now, having seen her work, we are ready to say that she has done it. This slender, beautiful girl with the dark eyes and red lips has edited an issue of Movie Weekly that is a whale of a book.

It will be on the newsstands not later than next Thursday.

Don't miss it!

Likewise

15 other smashes of pictorial and reading interest for the fan.

SO GET READY.

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Published weekly by the MOVIE WEEKLY PUBLISHING CORP., 1926 Broadway, New York City and 166 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., in the United States and Great Britain. August Schlarbaum, President; Wallace Hamilton Campbell, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879. Subscription, $5.00 a year. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents.
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What is the matter with the MOVIES? by Rudolph Valentino

Famous screen star declares *75 per cent of all pictures* are *insult* to *human intelligence*—Is he right or wrong? Tell us what you think

By Rudolph Valentino

IN his personal appearances all over the country with Mrs. Valentino, Rudolph Valentino invariably responds to the requests for a few spoken words, by discussing one of the most vital problems of the screen:

"What Is Wrong With the Movies?"

Will Hays contends that what we should really talk about is, "What Is Right With the Movies?"

But that is only another way of looking at it.

The facts remain. Neither Mr. Hays nor anyone else would be willing to argue that there is nothing wrong with the movies. We know there is.

The sooner we find out what it is, the better off we will be.

When Mr. Valentino makes the flat statement that seventy-five per cent of the pictures exhibited today are an insult to the public intelligence, it is time for all of us to stop and ponder.

Is Mr. Valentino right in his statement?

If he is, what is the trouble?

Do you agree with his solution?

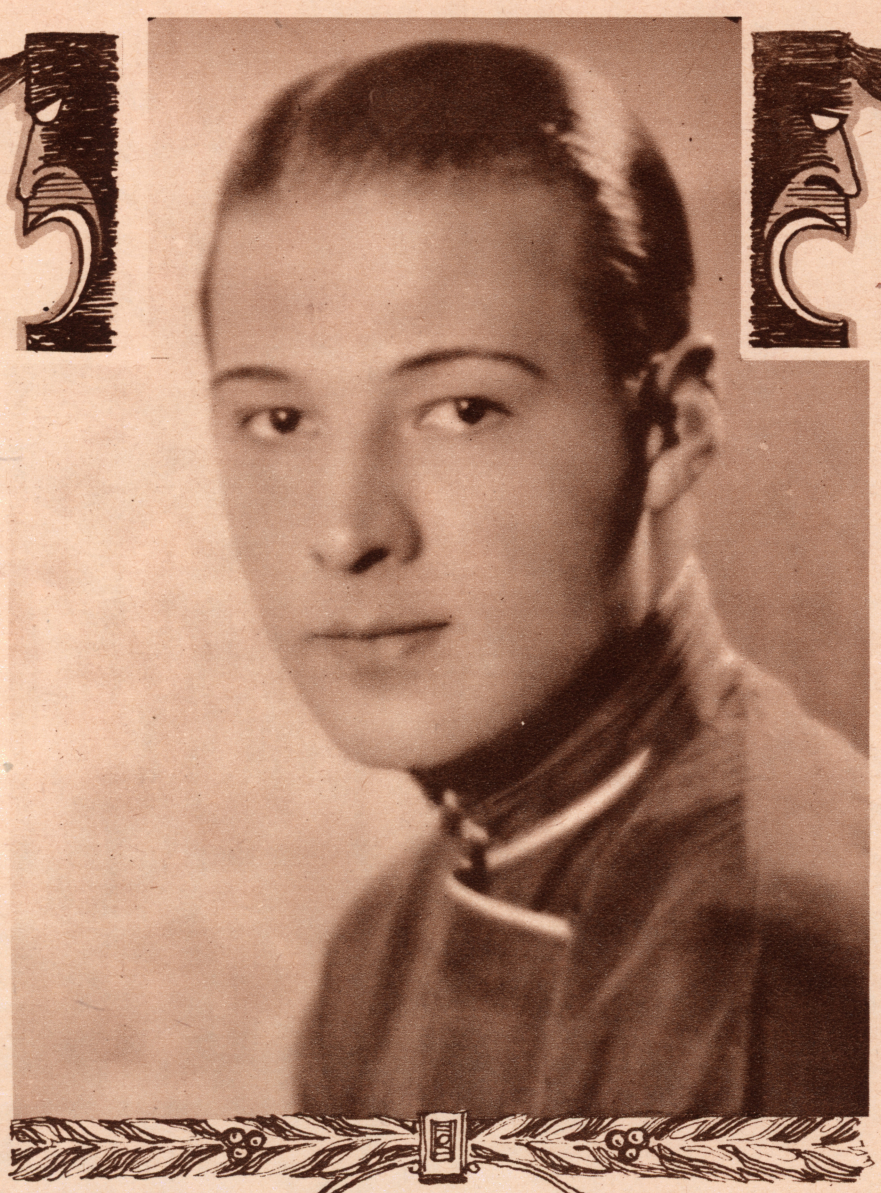
In securing Mr. Valentino's permission to publish this address, we do so remembering that many hundreds of thousands of our readers will never have the pleasure of hearing it from his own mouth.

Close your eyes and picture Mr. Valentino on the stage before you.

If you were to attend one of his personal appearances, this is what you would hear him say.

Read his address carefully. Then write and tell us where you think he is right, and where you think he is mistaken.

We shall be glad to publish the most interesting of the letters received.—EDITOR.



"After all these months of struggle," said *Mr. Valentino*, "I am still left one or two small channels through which I can earn enough money to live on."

THE motion picture is comparatively a newcomer, not only in the world of industry, but in the world of art as well. I speak of it as a newcomer in the world of art because it has been proven that it is an art in spite of the fact that organized trusts have and are making of it an industry governed and ruled by factory methods.

Cloth can be measured by feet, but art cannot. And here lies the chief trouble of our motion pictures. Surely many of you has asked himself this very question:

"What is the matter with the movies?" And it is to this question that I shall endeavor to direct my answer.

Seventy-five per cent and more of the pictures shown today are a brazen insult to the public's intelligence. There are only a few, such as D. W. Griffith, the great master and pioneer of it, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Dick Barthelmess and a few other independent stars, directors and producers, who do realize that the motion picture can be an art. They have given us such splendid demonstrations as "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Robin Hood," "The Kid," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Tol'able David," and one or two more productions which rank among these, and undeniably prove that the American public demands and appreciates artistic productions.

Each and every one of these pictures had been produced by independent companies, loath to follow the factory cut and dried methods of the motion picture trusts which are a decided menace to motion pictures as an art as well as an industry.

THESE various stars, directors and producers I have mentioned deserve a great deal of credit and encouragement from you, because by giving you such productions they are keeping the good faith you have put in them, and are courageously combating the many tentacled octopus, which is trying to monopolize theatres and commercialize art to its nth degree.

Do not blame the exhibitor who owns the theatre you patronize if the ordinary program picture you see day in and day out is not up to your expectations. He is not to blame any more than the artist who appears in it. They are forced into it unless they wish to face starvation, and they cannot be blamed if the material hints of nature's demand are the conquering factors over the spiritual thoughts of art's demand.

The poor exhibitor, in order to have the few big special pictures that have a great box office value, is forced to sign these trusts' entire output for the year—some eighty-two or more pictures, from which twenty or twenty-five are put on the shelf, lest he would completely lose all his patrons, regardless of the fact that he has paid good American dollars for it. You can readily see by this example, why these picture trusts do not care what type of pictures are produced, or how cheaply they are made, as they have already "cashed in" and let the poor exhibitor carry the burden.

I AM STARTING next week on a tour to dance in some large restaurants in order to earn enough money to carry on my fight, as I do not intend ever to retract my pledge to the American public that I am fighting for better pictures.

To return to our subject, I firmly believe that each new day will see a pioneer spring up to join the others I have mentioned in this just war against the trusts that are a hindrance and a calamity. It will be war where brain and art will be shed, instead of blood, and you alone shall sit as judges.

Finally, when the fight is won, all pictures will be made with only this idea in view—clean, wholesome entertainment for all of the people with a truer and finer appreciation of the artistic and a very careful selection of types of stories.

Then, and only then, you may hope for better pictures.

Will the RED reach out and expose of

Nicholai Lenine, present ruler of the *Soviet Government in Russia.*

A street scene in *Petrograd* since the *Bolsheviki* came into power.

IN OMINOUS Russia there are eyes that never sleep—eyes leering with the death threat for those who dare a whisper against the powers which revolution has invested with a despotism more relentless and callous than was that of the dethroned Czars. There are eager, cruel hands, red with the sin of Cain, waiting for the command to drag marked men and women before sinister tribunals schooled in the grim philosophy that "dead men tell no tales."

The spying eyes of these red hands are far-seeing and far-reaching. Their prey is stalked stealthily and swiftly. Rarely does it ever elude or escape the inevitable fate Russia decrees as punishment for native or foreigner who publicizes what goes on under the alleged rule of the people. It is for all of these reasons that Movie Weekly is prompted to ask whether or not the bold and courageous determination of a beautiful and mysterious Princess to make a picture exposing the Russian Revolution and its stormy aftermath will set sinister forces in motion to silence her.

"Under the Red Terror" is the startling title of this picture which will star a real princess and a priest who is known as "The Mad Monk of Russia." The avowed purpose of this movie will be to tell the truth about the terror that has reigned in the land of the fallen Czars since Nicholas II. was dragged from his throne. The Princess and the monk, in making this picture, are challenging fate with a bravery which may cost them their lives.

This Princess who is the wife of a son of a titled official in the regime of Czar Nicholas, has but recently come to America. But to those who manipulate the invisible machinery of Russian plot and intrigue today, it matters little whether an offender be in America or in England, Germany or France. They fear no flag—respect no flag, save the red flag. We only have to turn back the pages which record the deeds of anarchists, radicals, Communists, Bolsheviki and Reds since the firebrand of revolution seared that vast land watered by the Volga River, to prove that humans of all races exist in the shadow of doom the moment suspicion hovers over them.

And from what does this suspicion emanate?

In nine out of ten cases it flows from the fear that a person, or group of persons, are bent upon telling all that is known about the inside stories of assassination, government-by-force, scandals, atrocities and conspiracies that have multiplied the revolt against the Romanoffs into a vicious circle of incessant rebellion and bloodshed.

ONLY a few days ago the entire civilized world was shocked by the coolly calculated "legal" murder of a prominent Polish Churchman—a vicar-general of the Roman Catholic Church. From Protestant dignitaries, from Hebrew leaders, from the Pope himself, from the crowned heads of kingdoms, and the rulers of great governments, there was a concerted plea in behalf of Mgr. Butchkavich. But no cry for mercy and justice reached the chamber wherein this man of God was sentenced to die for the allegations made against him in Russia.

Several weeks before this a woman judge sat in a strange court of Russia and condemned men to forfeit their lives because it was believed they had spoken of the terrors they saw and felt. This woman judge paints a stark picture of the terror that stalks abroad in Russia today. It is a grimness steeped in the merciless despotism revolution promised to end—despotism that is filling thousands of

HAND of RUSSIA strangle new movie Bolsheviki?

"Under the Red Terror," a new picture depicting the *horrors of Bolshevist rule in Russia* and starring a beautiful but *mysterious Russian Princess*, will be made here shortly—How will the mailed fist of Bolshevism receive it?

By T. Howard Kelly

men's souls and bodies with a heady wine which once upon a time intoxicated only a family with unrestraint.

WILL THE forces, swayed and bent by this despotism, allow the beautiful American girl, who spent many years in the heart of Russian revolution as a princess, to go on with the avowed intentions of exposing her intimate knowledge concerning the rebellion, and the terror that has come of it?

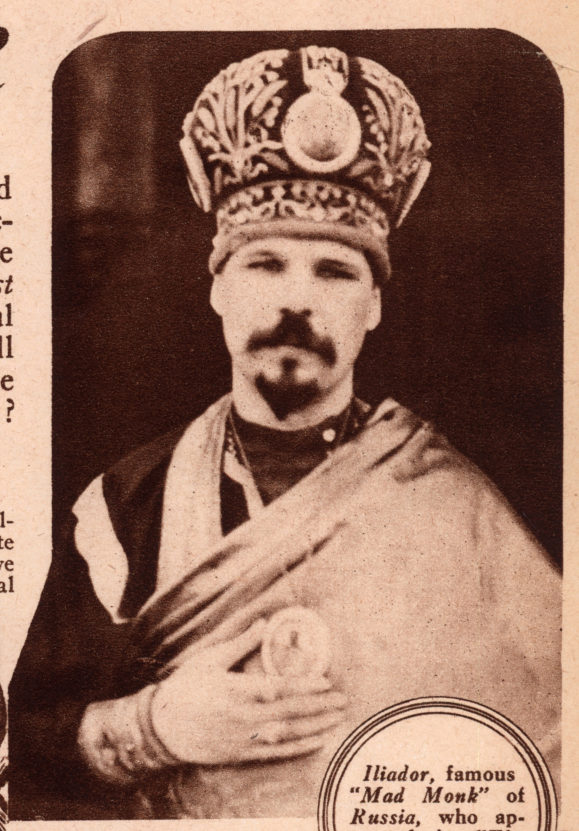
The answer lies, of course, in the unfolding of the future. She is here in New York at the present moment, making all preliminary plans to shoot the proposed picture. If she is at all unnerved at the prospect of death, injury or kidnapping, as a result of her efforts, she is not revealing this fact.

Already the Princess may be a marked woman . . . marked for so many more days of life, or freedom. The fact that she is thousands of miles from Russia, and the fact that a vast sea lies between her and those who manipulate Russia today, are not to be considered in the light of protections. Distance means nothing to powerful conspirators. They recognize no limitations of time, place or conditions.

WE CANNOT easily forget the terrible bomb explosion that brought sudden tragedy to Wall Street three years ago. That outrage has never been avenged. Its perpetrators have never been brought to bay. However, it is significant to remember that almost every trail of suspicion as to the bomb conspiracy has led back across the waves to those shores where anarchy, rank socialism and red sentiments keep the country in a state of constant strife. Even today Federal agents have extradited a man from Russia as the only logical suspect in this case after months and months of incessant sleuthing.

If some diabolical force four thousand miles away could hatch a plot that nearly wiped out New York's financial center, and succeeded in killing scores of men and women, this same force, or a similar one, could just as easily strangle the Princess into an effective and lasting silence if she dares to tell the truth about Russia.

The name of her proposed picture is enough to indicate what her purpose is. "Under the Red Terror" is as strongly descriptive of terror, sin and suffering as the English language provides in the way of titles. It indicates that from the point of one who lived through these five years there were ample experiences to make the liver believe she had gone down into the jaws of hell, and, perhaps, come back with its eternal scars branded upon her very soul. Can't you see how this title itself would react on those forces in Russia which do not want the last five years of Russian history fully exposed?



Iliador, famous *"Mad Monk"* of *Russia*, who appeared in *"The Fall of the Romanoffs."*

Once wealthy residents of *Petrograd* recovering firewood from the sunken barges in the *Neva Canal*.

Undoubtedly these forces will turn every stone to prevent such an exposition. There are too many skeletons in the crime closets of this new Russia waiting to rattle; there are too many blood stains that have not been wiped away and never will be.

PEOPLE interested in the past and future fate of Russia will, I am certain, welcome a motion picture exposition of the true state of affairs obtaining over there. Although we have been surfeited from time to time with all manner of stories and statements concerning conditions in Russia, there is no other nation today that is so little understood by the world. Russia is still a great stretching country of millions who, as far as we know, are living in shifting shadows. It is a land of riot, of starving people, milkless babies, sad children, ruined places and broken hopes and despair and disorganization.

The reason for this, according to a well-known newspaper correspondent, is that the outside world is not allowed to know the truth. In other words, everything that goes out of Russia by cable, wire or post, is censored according to the wishes of those in power.

Consequently the world at large, and this country in particular, will be greatly indebted to the motion picture industry, and to the Princess, herself, if she is able to achieve her ambitions and her courageous objectives. Only the other day, at a congress of motion picture men, Thomas Edison declared that the movies were destined to spread the light of full and lasting knowledge of all things from one pole to another. He said that eventually the moving picture would supplant the school book. President Harding, upon hearing this, was moved to comment that Mr. Edison's views coincided with his own.

Day by day the vital force of the movies is expanding and revealing in ramified ways the promise that some day soon it will become the great universal language of entertainment, education, instruction and art. The picture to be pro-

(*Continued on page 29*)

KIDDING KIDS — in the Movies

"If you don't stop laughing at me, *Buddy Messenger,*" says little *Johnny Jones,* wielding a knife, "I'm going to cut your teeth."

You might not recognize *Wesley Barry* in this costume. He's all dressed up fit to kill; he even has the lilv.

Even though *Baby Peggy* has musical tastes, how could life under such circumstances be anything but a terrible grind? Though the monkey seems to be having a booming good time of it.

There's a perfect bedlam in *Mickey Daniels'* room when he starts fiddling away his time.

The dark footnote on this picture is no other than *Sonny Boy's* sister, *Farina.* And she'd have you know she's not a cereal story.

"Why I want my DAUGHTER to do as she pleases" By Gloria SWANSON

Well known screen star discusses the *future of her little girl* and reveals how she intends to mold her personality

By Regina Cannon

AT THE tender age of seven we decided to run away from home. Things were not, we discovered, as they should be at our house. They did not come up—or rather, go down—to our ideals. It was necessary, in order to keep the peace, to bathe every evening and in the mornings as well, and anybody knows that one can't get dirty just sleeping. Then there were lots of washings thrown in extra, such as before and after meals. On the whole, the parental domicile was no place conducive to bliss.

So one day we packed such of our belongings as would fit into a large candy box and departed for parts unknown. We stayed at least an hour, but at the end of that time loneliness and hunger overcame us. We decided on our return, not to make any apologies for our absence, but to promise to stay if things took a turn for the better. However, we soon discovered that no one had even missed us, so we remarked to our mother with surprise, as one does after a long absence, "Well, you've still got the same old cat!"

All this serves to illustrate how we were *misunderstood* in our infancy. A good many children are, but Gloria Swanson's little girl isn't going to be. Gloria herself will see to that!

We visited Miss Swanson at her New York apartment and in her drawing room sank down on a luxurious divan. Gloria sat staidly in a straight-backed chair according to the accepted relation of chairs and sitters. She wore an amber gown with complexion to match, probably the last word on the *Champs Elysees*, but to quote our friend Ruggles of Red Gap, "It would never do for us!"

GLORIA SWANSON, who is our most potent fascinator, possesses widely spaced gray eyes of the soberness and inscrutability of the Sphinx, black bobbed hair and a de Mille manner.

"Miss Swanson," we began at once, "tell us something about the modern girl. Is she really as bad as her elders try to make her out?"

"No," replied Gloria emphatically, "she is not! Of course some girls carry this New Freedom thought too far. That is to be expected, though, for every new idea runs the gamut before it strikes a balance and settles down. However, when the Girl of Today suddenly draws up a Declaration of Independence and presents it to her parents, they would do well to take an inventory of their own ideas and standards and see which generation they really belong in—this, or a previous one.

"Youth is naturally progressive, so in order to keep up with the times we must keep a watchful eye on the modern girl. She has a malleable brain on which impressions register easily and she should be encouraged to express her opinions. They are very often valuable."

"Pearls of wisdom from the mouths of babes," we quoted more or less correctly.

"Yes," smiled Miss Swanson. "I know I shall do all I can to encourage my little girl to develop her personality and lead her own life. I make myself realize that she is an individual and will want to do things her own way. Of course, I'll try my best to guide her and give her the benefit of a careful early training which will enable her to make wise decisions in later life. But they shall be *her* decisions nevertheless."

"Oh," we comprehended, "you'll let your daughter do as she pleases?"

"Yes," returned Miss Swanson, "when she reaches the age of discretion. Of course," she hastily amended, "I discipline her. Don't think for a moment that I advocate loose living for two-year-olds. But even now I allow her to make some of her own decisions."

"I shall do all I can," said *Miss Swanson*, "to encourage my little girl to lead her own life."

"When do you discipline her," we inquired, truly puzzled, "and when do you let her use her own judgment?"

"Well," returned Gloria, "suppose she threw her dress on the floor. Of course I'd make her pick it up whether she did it with smiles or tears. But if, on the other hand, someone wanted her to shake hands with them and she felt an aversion to doing it, I wouldn't force her to.

"Another thing—I have never allowed the baby's picture to be published. Many people have criticized me severely for the stand I have taken in this matter. But how do I know that the child wants her features known all over the country? She may decide to lead a private life and I don't want people to bring her magazine clippings in later years and have her reproach me for allowing her photographs to be broadcasted from Maine to California."

WE COULDN'T help commending Gloria for this stand she has taken.

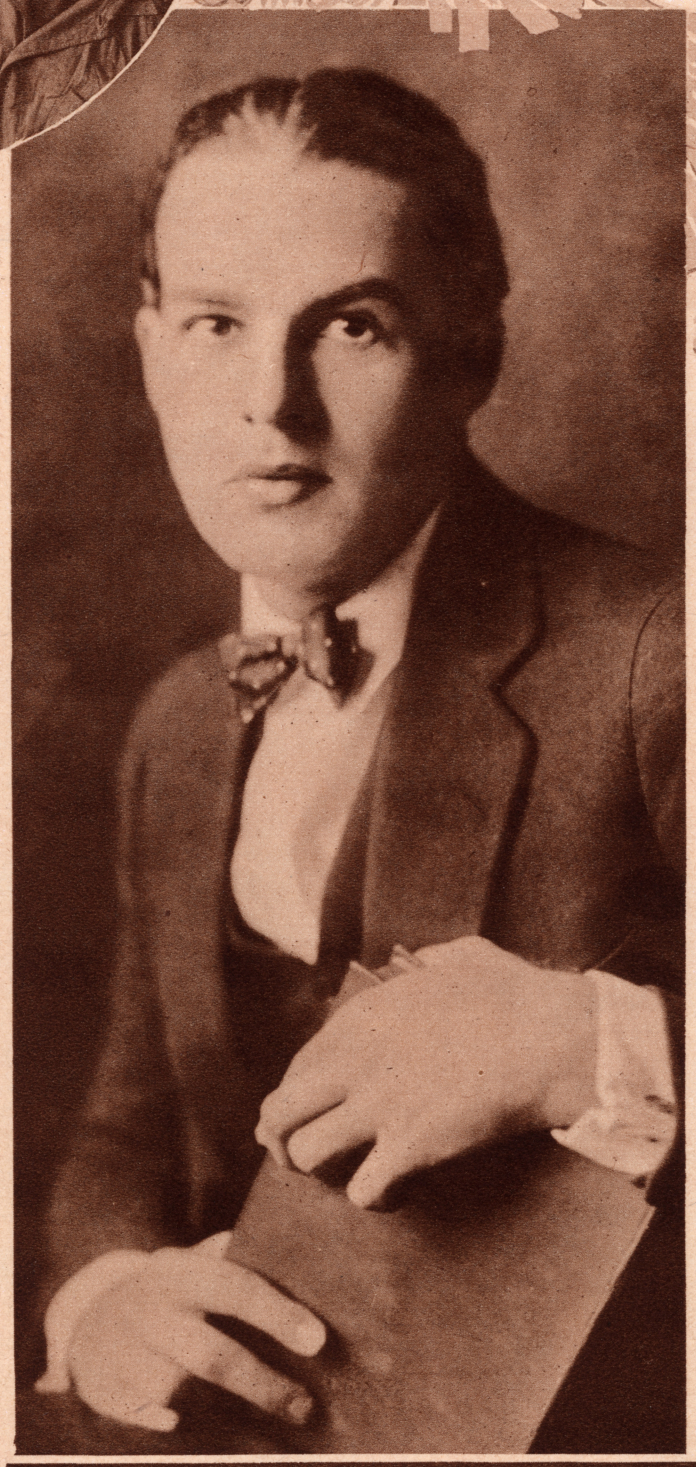
Just then the door opened and a nurse brought in the healthiest, happiest, prettiest little girl we have ever seen, which proved to be the young lady in question.

"Here is my greatest happiness," said Miss Swanson, drawing the baby to her, "and I don't care if she should even grow up homely as long as she has intelligence and personality."

But how, we ask you, could she grow up homely being Gloria Swanson's daughter?

"Less DIRECTOR and more DRAMA!" Demands Alfred LUNT

Alfred Lunt and *Mimi Palmeri* in a dramatic scene from *"The Ragged Edge."*



"The greatest consideration in a good picture," said *Mr. Lunt*, "is a strong, dramatic story."

Popular young screen star of "The Ragged Edge" says that most *movies are spoiled by too much direction*—Makes plea for better stories

By David A. Balch

HE IS A big fellow, this Alfred Lunt, with a dead white complexion and shiny black hair. He's much bigger, in fact, than we ever dreamed he was from our casual acquaintance with him in the stage play, "Clarence," and an inspection of the stills from "Backbone," his first starring vehicle on the screen. And he is big, it ultimately was made clear to us, in more ways than one.

We were seated in the small corridor of Delmonico's waiting for Mr. Lunt to lunch with us, or we to lunch with him, when he came in suddenly with an abruptness with which we imagine he does about everything.

"Mr. Lunt?" we asked, rising and explaining who we were.

"Fine!" he retorted swiftly, with a firm hand grasp, adding, "Let's eat!"

So into the men's cafe of Delmonico's we went, he leading, we following behind, and an abrupt choice of food and an abrupt discussion of the screen moved swiftly in succession with clock-like precision. It was pleasant to do things like that, we thought, but a little trying when one has so many things to do. No opportunity is offered to complain about one's lot in life. You are too busy doing things.

"What do you want to do on the screen, Mr. Lunt?" we asked calmly, feeling that here was a question that would either make him or break him.

He turned a cool eye sideways upon us, eating as he talked.

"Lots of things," he returned evenly. "I'd like to make pictures about a thousand times better than most are today, for one thing, and the others don't matter. You see," he explained, with a nice smile, "I'm one of those people who think that most pictures that are made are very bad."

"We're with you on that," we agreed heartily.

Mr. Lunt considered—ceasing for the moment even to eat. He was framing, it was patent, his attack.

"My first picture," he resumed, "was 'Backbone,' and in the course of its production my eyes were opened to many things.

"Understand," he continued quickly, "what I'm going to say is not directed against any picture I have been in. It's simply directed at *all* pictures, the *modus operandi* of which I was able to observe in a general way in 'Backbone.'

"I saw," he went on, "from my first experience in screen work, what seemed to me to be appalling waste and misdirected effort. I came to pictures from the stage, where nothing is ever presented to the public before it has undergone an arduous course of rehearsing. And on the screen I saw what was only an indifferent rehearsal of scenes before they were photographed for final presentation.

"This, as you can readily understand, necessitated many re-takes, with the result of the appalling waste of film that takes place with nearly every production. It's only natural, of course, for they are still experimenting or rehearsing before the camera."

"Well, Mr. Lunt," we questioned, agreeing with him perfectly in all he said, "what do you propose as a corrective?"

AGAIN he hesitated—not for words, but for the complete and emphatic expression of his thoughts.

"In the first place," he answered slowly and carefully, "I would propose that the scenario writer be regarded as all important in the work of making a picture. Next, I would propose working with a 'tighter' script, just as a stage play is handled, and less importance being given the director.

"The average picture," continued Mr. Lunt, "suffers from too much director and too little drama. What I want to see is more drama and less director. When the day comes that we get it, we'll automatically get better pictures."

The young star of "The Ragged Edge," his latest Distinctive Pictures production, paused as he measured us coolly again with his eye.

"Somehow or other," he pursued, "picture producers feel that a director is all that is necessary to make a good picture. This is just as absurd as the idea that a stage director is all that is necessary to make a good stage play. As a matter of

(*Continued on page* 31)

Should a screen star marry outside of his profession?

With whom will he be most happy—a *fellow artist* or a girl from *the common walks* of life? Ask some of those who are married—They know

By Gladys Hall

Richard Barthelmess and *Mary Hay*—a conspicuous instance of marital happiness in the profession.

NO, SEZ WE, if you ask us! There are some who go so far as to say that screen stars shouldn't marry at all, but we wouldn't be THAT unreasonable. We suspect that those who go so far as to say that have selfish reasons. Probably a covetous eye upon Ramon Novarro or Colleen Moore or some such motive. But we do believe that like should seek like, water its own level, and star meet star, that's all. It's safer, more logical, more likely to steer into the Harbor of Happiness at last, and apt to be freer from the demon-monster of Matrimony—Jealousy.

Husbands and wives recruited from the ranks of the layman are apt to be jealous and without understanding of their starry spouses. It also stands to reason.

So many times Sweet Young Things say to us, "Oh-h-h, I'm simply MAD about Valentino!" or Young Seventeen sighs dolorously, "I'd DIE for Mary Pickford!" all of which makes us wonder what would happen to said Sweet Young Things and Seventeens if such a contingency as wedding with the stars should transpire. Always providing, of course, such contingencies were possible, such as there being no Mrs. Valentino or Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, all of which provide obstacles.

However, we are wondering about nothing, for have you girls and boys ever realized that most of the screen stars DO marry within their own profession? They generally marry wives (arguing from the male side of the ledger for the nonce), who are of the screen, or who have been of the screen or who are in some capacity connected with it; accustomed to its demands, inured to the give and take of the dramatic life.

Richard Barthelmess, for instance, married Mary Hay, of musical comedy fame. Valentino married Natacha Rambova, who had long and intimate experience with screen folk in her designing of interiors and her dancing with Theodore Kosloff.

Anna Q. Nilsson and *John Gunnerson* who were married recently. *Mr. Gunnerson* is a business man.

Conrad Nagel married a young woman who wrote interviews and stories about the various stars and probably knows more about them than she has put into print.

TONY MORENO married a native of California, which implies Hollywood, and all the expert experience that stands for. Harold Lloyd married his former leading lady. Thomas Meighan married Frances Ring, born and bred on the stage, so to speak. We hear rumors of Pola and Charlie. We are aware of Mary and Doug. While as for Anna Q. Nilsson, well, the world just knows that she recently up and married John Gunnerson, a wealthy San Francisco business man, and that life for Anna has since been simply "one grand sweet song." And so on and so on and so on!

Well!

After all, it's common sense.

Consider these facts:

Supposing one had been brought up in a small town and was accustomed to seeing mama kiss papa good-bye every morning just before the 8:28 train to town and greet him every evening with the same brand of conjugal caress, and supposing one had frequently heard mama say that she wouldn't "look at another man," wouldn't it be a bit trying to be required to gaze upon one's husband, say, clasping Nita Naldi passionately to his starched stiff breast, or if one were the young husband might it not stir the little green devil to behold the wife of one's bosom clutched in a Lew Codian embrace?

Jealousy . . . jealousy . . . jealousy . . .

That would be the turgid, troubled stream which would divide the layman from his or her professional mate.

IT WOULD be a grilling, gruelling career for the Average Young Wife to hold her merely human husband, be he ever so starry, against the wiles of such combined celebrities as Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri, Mary Pickford and Enid Bennett, and so forth, ad starem. And even if she finally succeeded in interring him as her own would the anxiety have been worth the while? It is bad enough, we think, to send one's Merely Human Husband into the pitfalls of Seductive Stenographers and unbusinesslike Business Women, or one's wife to combat the Tired Business Man, who is only tired at home, but after all there IS a limit, and the limit would seem to us to be the Valentinos and the Pola Negris.

What do you-all think about it? Would you be able to stand the strain of sending your Best Beloved forth into the Mojave Desert or the Everglades of Florida with some Pettie Prettyfeet, while YOU stayed at home to take care of the twins and mend the socks? Or, if you were the husband-in-the-case, would you be at ease watching the old Ticker while the Little Woman played in Miss Glyn's "One Second," with Conway Tearle?

"You wouldn't? Well, neither would we, but that's what happens when art weds with business and vice versa. Of course love is one thing and admiration is something else again and "never the twain shall meet." And how could any sweet young bride feel that peace and security which comes only through perfect understanding, if she knew the most wonderful man in the world would be locked in fond embrace with Lydia Languish, shortly after the last echoes of his fond good-bye has faded into nothingness?

It seems to us, after long and serious consideration of this problem, that it's quite all right to be "crazy" about Barthelmess and Valentino, or Mary and Pola—as shadows. But it is probably more than "all right" to be content with that and to marry, if you must, the Girl From Your Home Town, who will be content to remain IN the home town with no more dangerous rival than the butcher boy or the ice man.

Think it over!

"I SHALL NOT DEPEND ON BEAUTY TO WIN SCREEN FAME!" says Contest Winner

Alyce Mills, comely school girl who recently captured a beauty prize, declares that *good looks alone are not enough* for stardom

By Ruth Mabrey

"I think the popular idea of how wicked picture people are," said *Miss Mills*, "is greatly exaggerated."

THE Most Beautiful Girl in the World took us to tea at the Plaza. Of course we can't guarantee that statement — except about the tea — because there are still one or two girls in the world whom we haven't met. But anyway, we'd put up a pretty large bet on Alyce Mills when it comes to beauty honors.

That's where Miss Mills shines. She's just come from Pittsburgh with enough honors to overwhelm a less modest young lady. She was selected as not only the most beautiful, but the most popular high school girl in Pittsburgh. Beauty, personality, brains — it seems that Miss Mills was pretty lucky when the gifts of the gods were being handed out.

We chatted over the tea-cups at the Plaza while she told us all about it. It seems that she won a contest for beauty and popularity conducted by all the high schools in Pittsburgh; then along came a motion picture representative with his eagle eye out for screen talent and presto! Alyce Mills' dreams had come true.

"I have always wanted to be an actress, ever since I was a tiny girl," she explained, "so this opportunity just seems too good to be true."

LUCKY little Miss Mills! You've only to look at her to realize that she must be lucky. No girl could be as beautiful as that if fate were against her. She is blonde, with blue eyes and long black lashes—the longest you ever saw—and the kind of smile that goes with the voice that wins. She looks very like Katherine MacDonald—perhaps it's the Pittsburgh atmosphere; they both came from there!—only she is a younger, more animated version.

"Have you any special plans for your movie career?" we asked, "or will you just take things as they come?"

"Well, of course I am awfully ambitious, and always have been and I intend to work and work as hard as I can. I don't think a girl deserves to get ahead if she just depends on her looks."

"But of course beauty is a great help," we said enviously.

"It's a tremendous help," she admitted. "But I wouldn't want to depend on beauty only to win me screen success."

OUR SECRET thought, however, was that Alyce Mills' beauty is a lot more dependable than the beauty some girls *do* depend on—which nearly always cracks under the strain!

"I want to earn my success," Miss Mills continued. "So far I have had two small parts in pictures—in 'Does It Pay?' one of Hope Hampton's pictures, and in 'Wife in Name Only.' I don't mind having to work long hours, or having to stand around in the studio waiting for them to 'shoot.'"

That, you fans may or may not know, is one of the most disagreeable features about screen work—having to be on the job at nine or earlier, all made up, and then standing around for hours, sometimes all day, with nothing to do but wait. It's likely to take much of the glamor away from a screen career, unless you're very much in love with the work!

"I've lots of patience," Miss Mills continued, "and I'm perfectly willing to endure a certain amount of hardships. In fact, I realize that it's to be expected. I know that it takes years of hard work and, probably, obscurity, before one gets to be even fairly well-known on the screen. But, as I said, I'm patient.

I STUDIED dancing a lot when I was small and I should think that ought to prove very helpful to me now."

"Yes," we concurred, "it gives you grace and poise and correctness of carriage, which will all prove very useful in your screen career."

We nibbled our cinnamon toast.

"I want to succeed partly on my mother's account," Miss Mills said. "I'd like to be able to buy things for her and my younger sister."

"Weren't there any objections to your going into movies?" we asked, knowing how parents are.

"Well, when I actually got to the point of coming to New York to play in pictures, my friends began to tell me how terrible movies were and warn me against the bad company I might get into. But I haven't found that true at all; everyone I've met has been perfectly charming and as nice as

(*Continued on page 31*)

"No Girl is Safe in Naples Without an Escort," says LUCY FOX

Charming screen star returns from Italy and announces that *sheiks are plentiful* on Neapolitan streets

By Alma M. Talley

JUST SUPPOSE all the men you knew were such cavemen that you didn't dare go out alone with one of them at night! Perhaps you think that would be perfectly thrilling and oh! so romantic, and then again, perhaps you'd think—well, anyway, it all depends on your point of view.

For that's the kind of men you meet in Naples, according to Lucy Fox, who has just come from there. In Italy, it seems, sheiks are so plentiful that they're running around loose all over the place, if you get what we mean—that's the sort of men Italians are. Especially in Naples.

Lucy Fox just finished making two pictures in Italy, "Sandro of the Sea" and "The Usurpers," and she was telling us all about her trip over the luncheon table at the Plaza. We had never seen Lucy before, so when it was arranged that we should meet her at the Plaza, it was all fixed up that we were to know her by—no, you're wrong, she didn't wear a white carnation—by her pink hat and suit. There is something a bit original about wearing a pink hat and suit; think how devastating it would have been if she had picked on, for instance, a beige suit and red shoes to be identified by! Think of the embarrassment of having to ask every beige-suited, red-shoed girl in the lobby if she was Lucy Fox! (Now you out of town girls know what is being worn in New York this spring.)

But there was no danger. The moment we saw Miss Fox we knew her, pink suit and all. It was really a pale rose color and the hat was lavender, and Miss Fox looked stunning.

"So you've just got back from Italy?" we began brightly, after we had ordered food.

"Yes, and the place is simply heavenly," said Lucy. "You never saw anything so beautiful as the scenery there, those wonderful mountains and that blue, blue sky. But the men are terrible."

Of course we sat up, all interest at once. The men must be pretty awful in order to burst right in like that, into the midst of the beautiful scenery.

"What's the matter with them?" we demanded, settling down for a discussion of our favorite topic.

YOU CAN'T go out alone with one at night," Lucy asserted. "I'm referring especially to the Neapolitans—we were in Naples most of the time on location. And the men there! They have no chivalry and no respect whatever for women. Though from what I saw of the women there, I can't say that I blame them much. They are almost as bad—still speaking of Neapolitans.

"And as for their stage women—the stage is still considered a disreputable profession over there. So the fact that I am an actress made me have to avoid Neapolitans as much as possible. A woman there has to be very careful about going out alone.

"On the other hand, in Rome and Milan the attitude is entirely different. Except for the lack of tall buildings, these cities are just like New York. Just as cosmopolitan, and their clothes are the same, among the better class of people, I mean. They look down on the Neapolitans there.

"The scenery in *Italy* is heavenly," said *Lucy Fox*, "but the men are terrible."

"I don't like *Paris* gowns," *Miss Fox* remarked, "the *French* have none of our ideas as to how clothes should fit."

I DIDN'T get to Venice, but everyone said I should have been terribly disappointed in the place—so dirty. We stood right on the edge of Mount Vesuvius and looked into the crater. It's a magnificent sight, all fiery and scarry. We used the volcano as part of our story."

"Weren't you afraid?" we asked, shuddering. But then we forgot for the moment that Miss Fox has been a serial queen and isn't afraid of anything.

"Well, it was rather thrilling," she admitted.

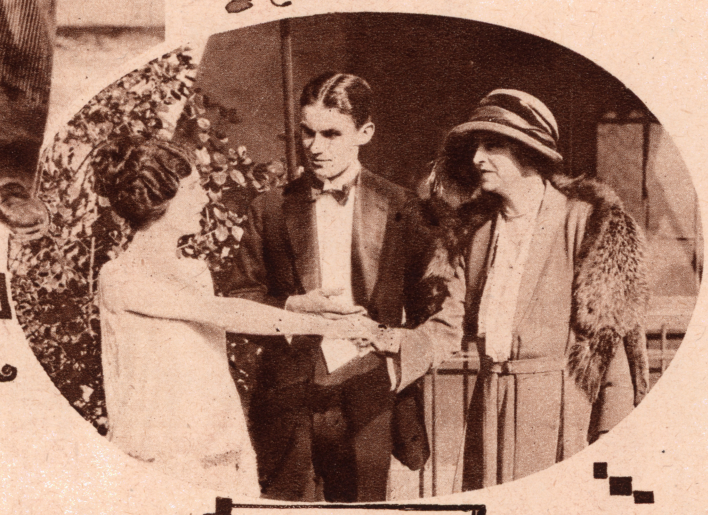
(*Continued on page* 31)

When *Craig* first came to *Hollywood*, he got a job as a bricklayer — in the movies. Later he wore a dress suit

MILLIONAIRE "MERTON" strikes for FIFTY dollars a day

Craig Biddle, son of rich Philadelphia family, who is *in Hollywood seeking screen fame*, refuses to work for *smaller wage*

By Thomas Tarrington



Craig Biddle, Jr., introduces *Derelys Purdue*, film star, to his mother, a *Philadelphia* society leader.

Young Craig Biddle
Broke his movie fiddle
Striking in the middle
Of tea-party scenes
For fifty round beans.

HAVING recently bought and paid for a poet's license, I decided to see if the thing worked. This is both my explanation and apology for the above few lines of wide open verse in memoriam, as it were, of the sad fate which overtook Mr. Biddle, Jr., of Philadelphia, who is said to be in the bag business—money bags—when not extra-ing in the movies.

Craig is now experiencing what it means to get the marble shoulder from the studio bosses out in the sunshine of Hollywood, where the Kleig lights burn brightest. Well, even if casting directors won't talk business with him, he has the consolation of having stood up courageously for his convictions—and, furthermore, he may some day be hailed as the pioneer striker from the ranks of movie extradom. From his brave action there may rise a union to bless and praise him for having blazed the way to more pay and shorter hours.

Not long ago Movie Weekly printed the story of Biddle's decision to embrace a film career. Up until this time he had been playing around Hollywood, earning a casual seven dollars and a half per day for taking part in mob scenes. Recently he got his chance in the role of a man who could wear a dress suit without looking like a waiter, and who was capable of juggling a tea cup around with graceful dexterity.

It was in this role that he elected to strike, the second day after being called on the set. His salary at the time of the walk-out was fifteen dollars a day to the penny. On his way past the casting director's office, Craig announced that the company would have to dish out fifty round dollars per day if his services were to be retained.

The casting director gnashed his teeth; ditto to the director of the picture, who had already shot several hundred feet of the film, which represented several hundred dollars as well. A conference was called in which Biddle, Jr., held out for the half-century note. However, a compromise was finally reached which netted him thirty-five bucks a day instead of the fifteen or fifty. The scion of the wealthy Philadelphia family then went ahead with a screen exposition of the correct technique of the tea cup.

THE STRIKE story immediately went the rounds of Hollywood. Casting directors made little mental notes of the affair and, as a result, young Biddle's chances to blaze his way to movie fame fell into a minus state.

Regardless of how unfair and unsportsmanlike it may be for a person to agree to carry out a contract at a certain price and then renig for more money, it must be admitted that every man and woman has a perfect right to get as much money for a job as they conscientiously think their services entitle them to.

This is not in defense of the alleged strike action on the part of this particular movie worker. It is a general theory that ought to be carried out in every possible case after the original agreement has first been respected.

Circumstances must, of course, warrant an actor or a bricklayer for asking an increase in pay. Mr. Biddle's case, if viewed from an angle which a Los Angeles film man supplied me, certainly appears to have merited a raise in wages. His fault is that he struck during the production of a picture in which he had contracted to appear at fifteen dollars a day.

For the past twenty-odd years, Craig has lived the life which pre-eminently equipped him to play the role with which he was entrusted. It is not every extra man who can wear a dress suit and still escape suspicion of having rented it for the occasion. It is not every man who can wield a wicked cup of tea with utter nonchalance, expressing with every elevation of the little and fourth fingers the finesse required to drink orange pekoe in a smart drawing room.

After all, when he found out how comparatively few men there are who can put on the habiliments of a wealthy gentleman and get away with the pose, young Biddle must have figured it was worth fifty dollars a day to "do his stuff."

CERTAINLY I agree with such sentiment. In these days of high living costs, a man ought to be able to capitalize whatever experience he has in any department of life. Mr. Biddle is to be severely criticized for not having waited until the picture was completed before walking out. It is a lamentable thing that he acted so impulsively. His rash step will in all probability cost him his entree to many of the studios of Hollywood—and perhaps, will be the death of his film career.

As I understand it, Mr. Biddle was not striking merely for mercenary reasons. Obviously he has enough jack to keep himself in decent circumstances for a few months to come. That is why I am so ready to applaud the principle from which his unfortunately timed action flowed. Mr. Biddle must have been fighting for a principle.

There is no doubt in my mind but he believed steadfastly that his part called for a salary of fifty bucks per day. And why not? Has it not taken him years and years to acquire the art necessary for the role he played? The fact that his company raised the ante twenty dollars above the original stipulation, indicates that it is no easy matter to procure the professional services of an adept in the business of society characterizations. Young men of culture who are feeling the pinch of hard times, might do well to look into the possibilities of playing parts for which Mr. Biddle was cast. They might not succeed in getting a fifty dollar per day job. But thirty per wouldn't be so bad! And principles come high these days, especially when those principles are set in a background made up of almost the entire social register of the City of Brotherly Love.

Anyway, the working man—and the movie extra is a working man—is worthy of his hire—even though the tools of his humble trade be only a claw hammer coat and the native ability to eat his beans without the aid of a knife.

I arrive in Hollywood

The fourth gripping episode in *Harold Lloyd's own story of his life* entitled "My Life in the Movies" in which the famous young screen comedian relates the early struggles of his film career

Written in *collaboration* with *Lawrence Langdon*

"Suddenly a bright idea dawned on me."

His life up to the present:

Harold Lloyd was born in Burchard, a small town in Nebraska. His parents were hard-working, but very poor. As a youngster, Harold sold newspapers and popcorn to help out the family. The little business was broken up when the family moved to Omaha. Harold often played actor, using the household furniture for props. While watching a window demonstration one day, the future great comedian met John Lane O'Connor, a well-known stock actor, to whom he confided his plans and ambitions. Through Mr. O'Connor, Harold received his first glimpse back stage. This visit resulted in Harold eventually getting a chance with Mr. O'Connor's company. His first part was that of Abraham in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." He became a regular salaried actor because of his good work, playing in "The Little Minister" and "Lover's Lane," among others. It was here in Omaha that young Lloyd met the late Frank Bacon, the original Lightnin' Bill Jones, of the Broadway success, "Lightnin'." Harold was now fourteen. A relative bequeathed $3,000 to his father, who decided to move again, putting it up to Harold to decide where they were to go. Harold suggests they toss a coin—heads to California—tails to New York. Heads it is, so they go to San Diego, California, where his father opens a small restaurant. Harold does some work with the Morosco Stock Company, helps John Lane O'Connor with his dramatic school and gets a job as a movie actor at $3.00 per day. None of these lasts long, however, and Harold finally is absolutely broke—his father fails in business and the family is in despair. Harold at last decides there remains but one thing for him to do—get into the movies.

"I get a doggone lot of sympathy anyway," says *Harold.*

WE TALKED and we talked. Obviously I had no chance in San Diego. I could not always depend upon the good offices of my friend O'Connor. I was now old enough to go my own way, to strike out for myself. My chances of making money in the theatrical business were slim, so long as I remained in San Diego. And my taste of the movies, with the Edison company, made me feel that I ought to go to Los Angeles, where, we had heard, opportunities of all sorts were open to those capable of playing before the camera.

We thus decided to go to the City of Angels, the marvel city, where in a few years a mighty industry grew up on fields and lots, where weeds and stones gave way to solid studio buildings, where romance was sharpening the brightness of the California sun and painting the very heavens with a more serene blue. To Los Angeles came my father and I, two wanderers plodding to the Mecca of the Movies, gambling our little all upon our apparently very slim chances of making a connection. We rented a room at a hotel, a moderately priced room in an obscure hotel.

We waited. Nothing happened. Our funds grew smaller and smaller. I abandoned my hope of getting into the movies. I had to. We could not wait. I took a minor part in a Morosco stock company again, working for a few weeks in "Brown of Harvard" and "Old Heidelberg." When that company closed, as close it did, we were at our wits' ends. My brother, Gaylord, came to Los Angeles. He joined us in our efforts. But none of us seemed to be able to earn anything. Our exchequer wasn't. We were broke. We threatened to be stranded.

THEN, when it seemed too late, I made my first definite effort to get into the movies. It is difficult to explain the feelings of a man who is broke to one who has never felt the clutching fear of hunger and the dread of nightfall when no roof offers protection from the elements and there is no bed upon which one may stretch his limbs and sink to slumber. That fear, that dread, enervates a man. It prevents him from thinking. He wastes his energy upon fear. He forgets how to plan. He becomes panic-stricken.

In this way I had wasted time. I might have systematically tried to break into pictures. But I had not done so. Now, when my heels were run down, when my clothes were becoming frayed and torn, when I was eating inferior food and lying

(*Continued on page* 30)

BRAVO, Charlie RAY! "The GIRL I LOVE"

Screen star's *daring innovation* in his latest picture a big stride forward in film art—"*Masters of Men*" and "*The Isle of Lost Ships*" among other pictures reviewed

By Lewis F. Levenson

Charles Ray confesses his love for the girl (*Patsy Ruth Miller*) in "*The Girl I Loved.*"

"THE GIRL I LOVED"
Charlie Ray's Triumph

If you are the sort of movie fan who wants something different, go to see "The Girl I Loved."

If you are satisfied with the old stuff, with Northwestern mounted police, vamps, cabaret scenes, log jams, Eliza leaping from cake of ice to cake of ice, crook mellers, and all the rest of the old sap-syrup, stay away from "The Girl I Loved."

Mark you this: "The Girl I Loved" is not a perfect picture. But it is a noteworthy attempt to create a novelty. It flies in the face of formulae and tradition. It sticks to real life at the risk of being unpopular.

Based on the poem by James Whitcomb Riley, it tells of a boy whose mother adopts a girl when he is a youngster. He is jealous of the girl, but as he grows older he falls in love with her. She regards him as a brother, however, and accepts the attention of another. This latter woos her, wins her and marries her.

That is the complete story, a thin story with no great complications.

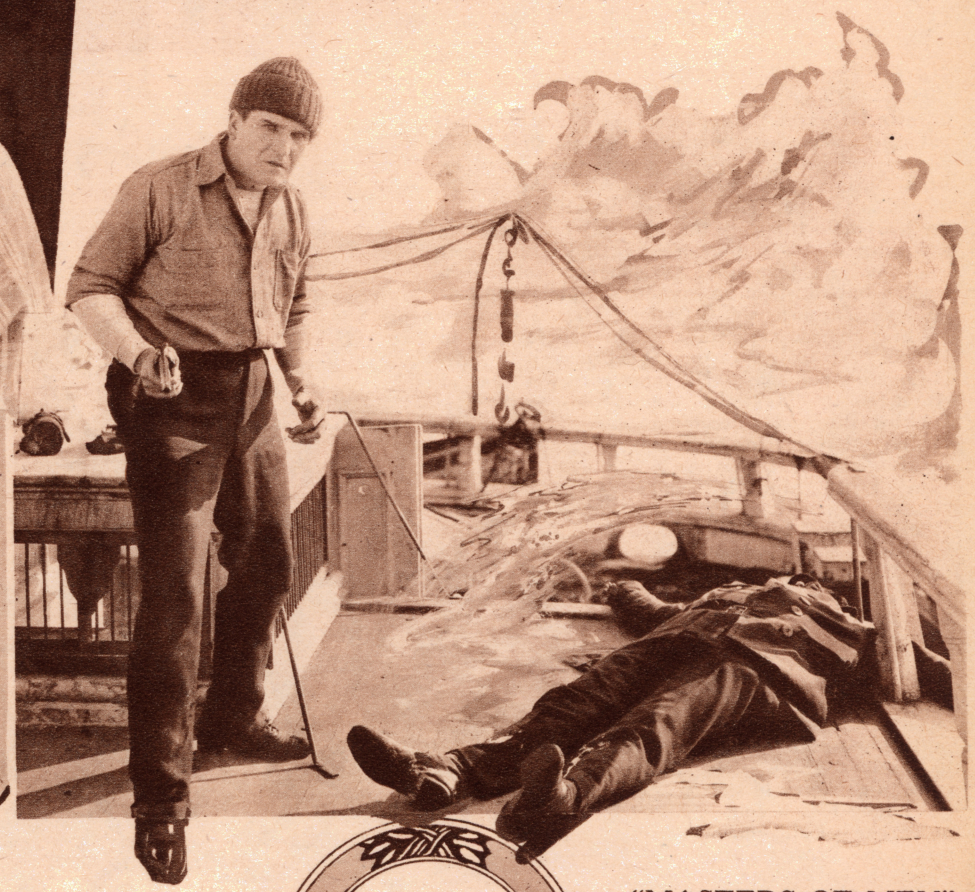
Now note what Charlie Ray has done to this frail little ghost of a tale. John, the love-sick boy, watches his foster sister's romance grow with a feeling akin to panic. He can't stop it. He daren't speak out his love. But at certain points when he can bear no more, his thoughts run on and realistically depict for him what would happen if he allowed his free will to get the better of him. He imagines himself forcibly making love to Mary, and his thoughts lead him to the inevitable climax when she lies cold and lifeless before him. He wakes up from his day dream, to go through the motions of everyday life. Then, on another occasion, his jealousy of Mary's fiance leads him to imagine that he would like to kill. He dreams of the inevitable conclusion to his deed, the man dead, Mary grief-stricken, himself insane. Again he awakes to reality and he lets fate carry on Mary's love affair to the day when he, as her brother and her only male relative, must give her away in marriage, submerging his own feelings and concealing his own broken heart.

"The Girl I Loved" has defects. Ray's own acting is at times too melodramatic. He is somewhat too old in the early scenes, and later, when he plays the desperate dream lover and the frantic dream assassin, he falls prey to the vice of over-acting.

But otherwise, he has given the screen a notable drama. He has surrounded it with beautiful settings, especially the country exteriors, winter and summer, some of which are like paintings. The run-away, an incident which prevents John from ever telling of his love to Mary, is startlingly real.

Patsy Ruth Miller does wonders with the heroine. She is not only beautiful to look upon, but plays her role understandingly.

"The Girl I Loved" stands out as the most daring innovation attempted by an American movie star in many a long day. Support it, if you are anxious for the screen to show progress and to rise out of the abyss of banal and childish stories. For this may be the long looked for example which is to lead the producer out of the wilderness of bad pictures. Bravo! Charlie Ray, for your courage in producing such a picture!



"Dead men tell no tales," says *Earle Williams* in "*Masters of Men.*"

"MASTERS OF MEN"
Screening Morgan Robertson

If you are simple-minded enough to believe that a man needs many hard knocks before he is able to endure the torture of being successful, you may like the theme of "Masters of Men." This picture, Vitagraph's first production in a long time, has a certain amount of merit, but its story, taken from the novel by Morgan Robertson, is closely allied to the Henty and Alger school, and is decidedly not for the absorption or entertainment of more or less mature minds.

The hero is a small town boy who is two-fisted and brave, but who has the faculty of getting into tough situations. Eventually he joins the navy, falls in love with a girl, is shanghaied, escapes,

for Your Courage In Making

"You're late again," says *Charles Ogle* to *Walter Hiers* in *"Sixty Cents an Hour."*

and becomes a hero during the Spanish-American war.

"Masters of Men" is at its best in the sea episodes. When the film deals with men of the sea it has a certain power, and a melodramatic interest. But when it strikes dry land it is as dead as a fish would be out of water. The love story which runs through it is feeble, one of those affairs which would have been cleared up if any of the characters had used their minds for ten consecutive seconds.

Because "Masters of Men" deals with the period preceding and leading up to the War of 1898, it has a quaint atmosphere. The period of thirty years ago has been revived successfully both in costumes and settings.

Cullen Landis plays the boy hero and is generally acceptable. Earle Williams, who has been absent from the screen for a time is the sub-hero, a naval officer who guides the two-fisted boy through his perilous adventures. Alice Calhoun is a charming picture in her old-fashioned clothes, hat and head-dress, but Wanda Hawley looks a little out of place.

The naval battle, that during which Admiral Cervera lost his entire fleet, is produced with fair realism.

Milton Sills gives *Herschal Mayall* a few pointers in the gentle art of self-defense in *"The Isle of Lost Ships."*

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"THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS"

The Latest in Wrecks

Ships always get wrecked in the movies. As a rule they run into a sandbar near a convenient tropic isle and the romance is on.

Maurice Tourneur directed this story of a shipwreck and what transpired thereafter. The result is a totally different picture, a picture that combines exceptional photography, unusual production stunts and a new angle to the well-worn shipwreck theme.

Mr. Tourneur is one of the few directors in motion pictures who create film stories which are of the sort for which critics and art-loving fans are forever and perpetually howling. But, as usual, he always comes off second best. Critics expect too much of him, or rather they expect what they would like to see. And, as it is impossible to please everyone, Tourneur's pictures usually please only a few.

"The Isle of Lost Ships" should have a pretty general appeal, however. Here we have the story of the man and the girl tricked up in a story totally different from the average. The man is an alleged murderer on his way back to Sing Sing and the electric chair. The wreck takes place near the Saragossa Sea. The ship on which they were traveling is deserted and they are cast on an island composed of other lost ships. There they find an unique colony of human derelicts.

The struggle between the fast reforming murderer and the cruel leader of the colony of castaways concludes the film.

Especially in the scenes purporting to show the Saragossa Sea is this film excellent. The majestic wrecks lie linked together by a chain of weeds and kelp, and their masts and funnels rise against the sky in many beautiful pictures. The submarine episode is splendidly produced, and the fight scene is noteworthy for the ease with which the spectator can follow the shifting fortunes of the combatants.

"The Isle of Lost Ships" is an out of the ordinary picture.

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"SIXTY CENTS AN HOUR"

Are Fat Men Funny?

The old problem of a successor to Fatty Arbuckle is still unsolved. Walter Hiers, gentleman and actor that he is, lacks the slapstick propensities of Fatty, and will never eat his way into the hearts of fans who believe that the spectacle of a fat man sitting down in a vat of dough is excruciating comedy. Walter Hiers, you may rest assured, will never sit down in a vat of dough. He knows too much about acting, and therefore will have to play in such innocuous and barely humorous things as "Sixty Cents an Hour."

At that, we doubt whether the tepid comedy of "Sixty Cents an Hour" is due to Hiers or to the scenario writer. This story of a rising young man who works as a soda-jerker for $6 a week and who marries the town banker's daughter in the end is slow. It starts slow and finishes not much faster, with the result that its few bright spots stand out in relief like a Mt. Everest in the midst of the Sahara Desert.

The only virtue of "Sixty Cents an Hour" is that it has been produced with an eye to realism. It might have happened. But life is usually rather dull. Movie fans expect entertainment. "Sixty Cents an Hour" is decidedly lukewarm entertainment.

Jacqueline Logan is the pretty heroine of this picture. Charles Ogle plays her none too lovable father.

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"MY ADVENTURES IN THE FAR NORTH"

The Arctic on the Screen

Captain Kleinschmidt, well-known as an Arctic explorer, brought back from the far north a film of his animal adventures which is not far below the level of the Snow and Martin jungle pictures which it resembles.

Seals, whales, walruses, bears and other denizens of the lands bordering on the arctic circle are shown in their native habitat. The film is based on the diary record of Mrs. Kleinschmidt, who accompanied her husband and records their trips and their trophies.

Possibly the only adverse criticism of this film is that it shows numerous scenes of killing and one scene, in which a baby polar bear is dragged by a rope and torn from the side of its protecting mother, which is offensive to those who believe that animals have feelings.

Otherwise "My Adventures in the Far North" is illuminating and educational, giving an excellent idea of what animal life is like in the north.

BETTY COMPSON
appearing in
"The Rustle of Silk"

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MARIE PREVOST
appearing in
"Brass"

Betty Compson's Success is due to her Femininity says De SOLA

"Miss Compson," says Prof. de Sola, "likes to be liked and to enjoy the good things of life."

Character expert makes *interesting study* of screen star's lovely face —Says Betty is by nature *a clinging vine*

By Vincent de Sola

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's personal magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study, and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

Betty Compson

CHARACTER READING: *Here we have the face of a woman who is a complete realization of the qualities called "feminine." It is marked in the main by three major characteristics. These are: delicacy, a receptive intelligence, and an appeal through compliance or helplessness. Overlaying that helplessness there is an actual capability; and few of the minor traits of character do much to destroy these three important notes of the personality.*

OUT OF the cloud of the popular younger leading women of filmdom, the new stars, Betty Compson seems the one most likely to attain real eminence.

An analysis of her character, and an attempt to search out the secret of her magnetism may be well worth while. What is responsible for her inevitable rise to a greater popularity? What is back of her hold upon the public that pays for stories in motion picture form?

Very seldom is sheer good acting, whether in the movies or in the legitimate theatre itself, the cause of success. Acting, it is said, can be taught; it is at best only a half art; and nearly everyone has latent some gifts of mimicry. Back of every actor or actress' success there lies only the explanation of his or her "personality."

What is the personality of the individual whom we know by the name of Betty Compson? To begin with, the very contours of her face bespeak her complete femininity. There is nothing jarring or contradictory to that one dominant impression. Miss Compson conveys, with gesture, expression, and feature, all those vague yet realized qualities which we have grown familiar with in fiction as the attributes of the perfect heroine.

It is not a strong face, nor a face of striking character, or of particularly dominant traits, but it has, in perfect blend, the sweetness, the loyalty, the ability to be swayed in affection, the intuition, and the inconsistency, for which we have no better word than "feminine."

Her nose would declare that she had a certain development of curiosity. Her mouth has sex-appeal, and is sympathetic, tender, and sensitive.

This is the face of a woman who has great delicacy and fastidiousness, who dislikes the crude, the violent, and the disordered. She is feminine even in her intelligence, which is of no mean order, as the eyes declare. It is a receptive, not a creative intelligence, but it is capable of understanding in a large way.

She is more likely, however, to respect and admire the intelligence of men, of masculine trends of thought, than the intelligence of intuition which belongs to women.

It is a frank face, the face, at any rate, of a person who is frank to her intimates. She is a little afraid of concealments in others, and of the "Oriental" type of mind. She is easily hurt or depressed by adverse criticism from the people she respects.

ALTHOUGH there is plenty of courage in the face, there is, blended with her respect for masculine intelligence, a certain fear. Almost she would seem from the set of her features to be inclined to propitiate stronger persons, rather than regard them self-complacently or with defiance.

She is capable for the many trivialities which make up life, but there is, in her propitiating tendency, a note of yielding.

Good taste, and a sense of divination are in the eyes and brow, and her admiration is, it is safe to say, limited to very few. She is practical in spite of her femininity, in the ways in fact that women are practical. She is aware of just what is important and what is unimportant in the world.

She is completely and sanely balanced. She likes to be liked, and she enjoys the good things of life, without doubting their value or questioning their permanence. She enjoys domination by a stronger character, but that character must have also a keen intelligence.

She is persistent and artistic, two traits which lead her a long way to the goal of her desires. When hurt, she can be perhaps petulant or illogical—again the femininity of which I have spoken.

At an early age she must have created for herself a standard of values, a code of ethics, and a highly workable system of rules of conduct and belief. She is guided and protected by this code, against her impulse to be influenced by new or startling ideas. There is a vague touch of melancholy in her temperament, but in the main she is one of those fortunate persons to whom the things of life are at once desirable and within her grasp.

SO, WITH prettiness supplemented by delicacy, with that quality of helplessness which, however disguised, is felt and admired by men, and with that final qualification for any success—intelligence—it would seem as if Betty Compson would retain her place in the hearts of the film fans.

It is doubtful if she ever develops into an actress of lasting prominence, such as, say, Mary Pickford, but it is also highly probable that her beautifully balanced feminine appeal, the appeal of the "story-book heroine," will hold her in the public favor long after many of her contemporary favorites have ceased to create anything save a wonder as to their whereabouts.

"This is a daisy," says *Charlie*, watching the dance."

Jimmie the Janitor's son tells How to be a movie comedian

Gifted offspring of furnace room czar *informs the world in one lesson* how Charlie and Keaton got that way

By Edward Ettinger

WHEN an experienced actor like me, what has run the gamut of emotions in the rolls what he has played, such like the bed post in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," and the part of the floor in "The Face on the Bar Room Floor," opens up his mouth to speak, then it's a signal to shut off the radios and listen, for I has played tragic rolls and comic rolls, in fact, all kinds of rolls, except Rolls-Royce.

Now, the Movie Weekly editor has gotten my services at a tremendous expenses and I'm going to conduct on this page a free movie training school.

"Have you an unfulfilled desire to be a Charlie Chaplin, a Harold Lloyd, or a Buster Keaton? Have you a craving for a contract for a million beans a year? It makes no difference even if you ain't got no more sense of humorous than a subway guard or a professional pallbearer, just you folly my advice and I'll turn you into a comedian with a degree, which I'm going to hand out in this here school of mine. I'm going to make the profession more dignitary. I'm going to purify the movie world, so it will be even fit for infants to digest through a bottle. I'm going to hand out four degrees. They is as follows:

G. A. P. C.—Grade A. Public Comedian.
G. B. P. C.—Grade B. Public Comedian.
P. P. C.—Pasteurized Public Comedian.
C. P. C.—Certified Public Comedian.

***Buster Keaton* enjoys a good joke.**

If that don't please the Censors, then we'll better ship them off to that guy Dante's summer resort.

Now, Movie Comedians is divided into two classes, like burlesque shows, Standard Oil products, and parlor jokes. They is the refined and the unrefined.

Comedians is found in all walks of life. You'll find them on the stage, in the pulpit, and in Congress. Honest, they is more comedians in Congress than they is in Hollywood. They even publish their own joke book there. They calls it the Congressional Record.

The refined comedian is one what is born downtown, but is got uptown ideas. He's born in overalls, but he's got a full dress suit soul. His comedy is something like this when he writes a letter to his second boss:

Dear Mother-in-law:

Just a line to let you know we is safe and sound. Mrs. Jones fell out of the third floor window yesterday, and as a result of this here accident, she will be deaf and dumb for the rest of her life. Hoping to hear the same from you, I remain,

Your loving son-in-law,
ALOYSIUS.

They is a joke there, but it's covered up, like a girl's freckles is with a massage cream. It ain't enough to make Lizzie in the last row hysterical, so it ain't much of a hit on the Bowery.

THE UNREFINED comedian is born not made. He is the one what all the refined people calls "vulgar" and generally stands in line to see. For instance, he pulls off stunts like this. He is invited to Mrs. Big-Diamond's society party, where they is a fat lady there what is wearing a low-cut gown, two inches below that there Mason-Dixon line. The comedian is eating a ice cream cone and it slips out o' his hands and falls down the lady's back. Wow! That's a cuckoo! He tries to dive down and save it. Now that ain't one bit refined, is it? But I'll betcher it'll make Dr. Stratton laugh. In this way the refined comedian gets the credit from the highbrows, but the unrefined comedian gets the cash.

Now that I explained the difference between a refined and a unrefined comedian, all you got to do is make up your mind which one you wanna be. With some people it's just natural to be unrefined. They don't have to take no lessons at all. Maybe you're one of them, so all you must do is just act like always.

For a costume, all you need is a $5.00 bill. Go down to Ike, the pawnbroker, and get a pair of pants what is too big and a hat what is too small. Be sure to wear the tie what your wife gave you for Xmas, that'll be a knockout, and you'll be all dressed up for the camera.

Now you must start in practicing being a comic. If you can't think of nothin' out of your own head, just folly these suggestions:

(1) When Sat'day night comes, walk in like before prohibition and give your wife a empty pay envelope.

"Where's the money?" friend wife asks.

"Gone," you tells her, making a funny motion, "I spent it all on lollypops and ice cream sodas."

This is a swell joke and ought to go over strong. You may not see it, but they is a big laugh in it, for the audience, anyhow. Cause if the wife ain't got no sense of humorous, it's too bad you ain't put on one of them there armory suits.

(2) Another good idea is, when you got company home, put the chairs against the wall and make them all sit down. Then tie on the garden hose and souse them all with cold water. This brings a laugh every time. And to make it more funny, say this, "I thought you was all a bunch of wall flowers." Get the point? This one will have them all rollin' on the floor.

OR ELSE, try this one, which is the prize taker.

(3) When the landlord is ringing the bell, get a nice custard pie, and when he comes in, hit him right in the face. If the landlord is a movie fan, he'll appreciate it and if you want to make it funnier, say, "Ha, ha, the joke's on me, I thought you was my tailor." This will make him laugh so loud, he'll give you a receipt for the rent without taking the money.

Another thing in being a movie comedian is this here make-up. Right here is where you shows your brains. Be a little different. For instance, Charlie Chaplin wears his mustache under his nose. So you ain't gonna do that. No sir, your gonna wears yours under your ear, and if you want to have them splittin' their sides laughin', wear two of them.

After you has practiced all this and know how to do it, then you're as good as any one in the business. Buy yourself a ticket to Hollywood. If you don't land in the movies, don't be discouraged and don't blame me. You got a long ride anyhow and besides they is lots of good jobs for plumbers and street cleaners in Hollywood.

P. S.—Don't be discouraged cause this here article is on page 13. That's a lucky number. I once proposed to a jane on that day and she turned me down. I hears she's making life miserable for her husband. Why, she's even driven him to work!

"Awful Larceny"

A drama of woman vs. woman

Love, hate and the gaming table make strong screen story of the well known stage play

I.—*Vivian Hepburn* (*Nita Naldi*), is a woman who lives off the weakness of men. She inveigles *Andrew Dorsey* (*Conrad Nagel*), into gambling with her, during his wife's absence in *Europe*, with the result that he loses heavily at cards.

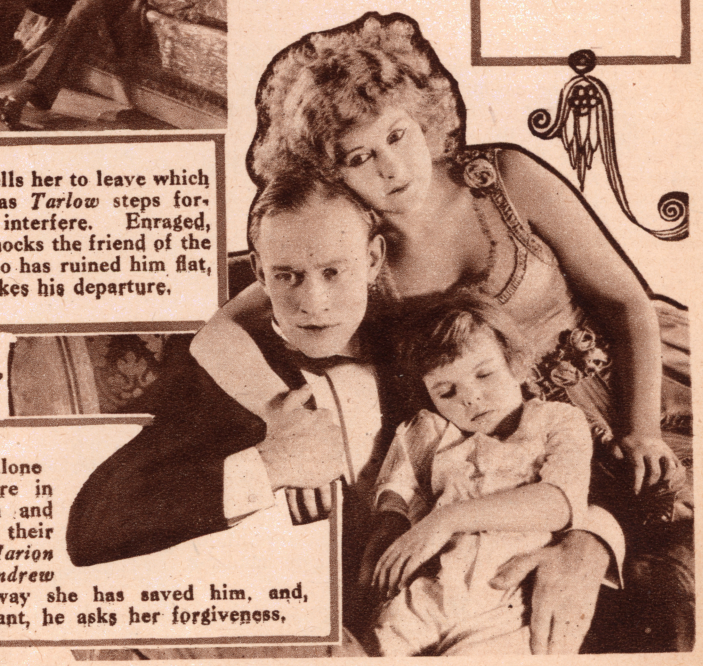
II.—When *Marion Dorsey* (*Hope Hampton*), returns from *Europe*, she finds her home in a turmoil as a result of *Dorsey's* wild indiscretion in *Vivian's* apartment.

III.—*Dorsey's* confession leads *Marion* to interview *Vivian* in an attempt to win back her husband's losses. At first suspicious of her dupe's wife, *Vivian* at length consents to her becoming an habitue of the place.

IV.—So thoroughly does *Marion* enter into the spirit of the gambling salon, that she captures the fancy of *Guy Tarlow* (*Lew Cody*), who is a friend of *Vivian's*. Her luck is equally as good at cards.

V.—At a late hour *Marion*, having won heavily, is about to leave when *Andrew*, her husband, enters. He demands an explanation and is not satisfied with *Vivian's* answer.

VI.—He tells her to leave which she does, as *Tarlow* steps forward to interfere. Enraged, *Andrew* knocks the friend of the woman who has ruined him flat, and takes his departure.



VII.—Alone once more in the calm and quiet of their home, *Marion* tells *Andrew* of the way she has saved him, and, repentant, he asks her forgiveness.

"HOLLYWOOD" is a closeup of — Hollywood

New picture portrays *life in the studios* on the west coast

By Charles E. Dexter

The star of *"Hollywood"* is an unknown girl called *Hope Dawn.*

Miss Dawn in a scene from *"Hollywood,"* with the noted laugh-maker, *Ben Turpin.*

HOLLYWOOD!"

What a name for a movie!

And what a movie it promises to be!

James Cruze, director of "The Covered Wagon," is making it in the Lasky studio at Hollywood, and in its cast are every single one of the stars, directors, and stock company players in the Famous Players organization from Mary Astor, the newest star, to Gloria Swanson.

Naturally, "Hollywood" is all about the movies. It is the legitimate screen successor to "Merton of the Movies," and while it has been preceded on the screen by "Souls for Sale," it promises to excel Rupert Hughes' picture so far as its cast is concerned by a score of about 40 to 20. It will be the all-star picture *par excellence* of the season, with even Cecil B. de Mille appearing in the cast.

The original idea of "Hollywood" was a picture which would show life around the Lasky studio and which would reveal how business-like, how clean-living and how earnest all the various players and directors are. That idea has grown into a full-sized story by now, and it is the story of an extra girl and not of a star. Indeed the real star of "Hollywood," is an unknown girl, given the screen name of Hope Dawn. This girl, whose origin has been kept a secret, is being supported by the most tremendous cast ever assembled in a single motion picture.

Although "Hollywood" has not yet been screened, still photographs have been made of its scenes, and they show Hope Dawn to be an attractive little girl, entirely at ease in this most amazing cast.

Imagine working in your first picture with a cast in which appear Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Tommy Meighan, Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Dalton, Mildred Harris, Chester Conklin, Snub Pollard, Jack Holt, Conrad Nagel, Pola Negri, Bobbie Agnew, Anna Q. Nilsson, Milton Sills and a score of other stars.

Yet that has been the experience of Hope Dawn, a unique one in the history of picture-making.

The settings of the picture are those of Hollywood itself, naturally, but they center about the Lasky lot, every corner of which has been photographed. Fans who have seen Famous Players pictures ever since they first went to the movies will have an opportunity of seeing exactly how their films are created and the people who have collaborated in making them. They will see de Mille at work on his new picture, the film version of the Ten Commandments; they will see Pola Negri in her next role, "The Cheat," and the other stars as they come to the studio in their limousines and as they roll homeward to their California bungalows.

"Hollywood" will undoubtedly be one of the film sensations of the year, a picture that no fan can miss without feeling that part of his or her screen education has been neglected.

THE BIGGEST news of the week in filmdom is the announcement by Al Lichtman of his program of releases for next season under the Preferred trademark. Lichtman, you will remember, is responsible for several of this year's best pictures: "The Hero," "Shadows," "Rich Men's Wives," and "Poor Men's Wives."

Next year his biggest bet will be "The First Year," that delightful play of married life by Frank Craven, which ran for two years in New York. "The Boomerang," an older stage success, produced originally by Belasco with Wallace Eddinger starred, is also on the list.

Nearly everyone has seen "Maytime," the Shubert musical comedy in which that famous song, "Sweetheart," is sung. This is number three on Lichtman's list. Fourth is "Faint Perfume," the novel by Zona Gale, which is one of this season's best sellers.

"April Showers" will be an early Lichtman release. It has been directed by Tom Forman and has a cast which includes Colleen Moore, Kenneth Harlan and Ruth Clifford. "Mother-in-law" is the title of an original screen play, with Gaston Glass, Ruth Clifford and Josef Swickard in the cast.

Another special is "The Broken Wing," a play of aeroplanes, Mexicans and a girl, which once ran on Broadway for a season. As a picture it features Kenneth Harlan, Miriam Cooper, Miss Dupont and Walter Long.

"The Parasite" is another attractive title, from the novel by Helen Martin, directed by Gasnier.

Harry Von Tilzer's famous old song, "The Mansion of Aching Hearts," has been filmed and is also on the Lichtman list. "The Aristocrat" is another. "Frivolity, or When a Woman Reaches Forty," winds up the list, with "Exclusive Rights," an original screen story.

"Dulcy," Constance Talmadge's new picture, is nearing completion, and the fans will soon have an opportunity to see the youngest screen celebrity act—no other than Buster Keaton, Jr., aged nine months, who cut his first tooth, took his first step and spoke his first intelligible word, all in one week. Marvelous!

"The Boomerang," the famous Belasco play by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, has been purchased for the screen. Preferred Pictures has included this story among its fall productions and plans to make the film version as successful as the drama was, when it ran for almost two years.

Looks like the fan is in for a thousand and one hours of movie entertainment.

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WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Mary Pickford Has a Christening

Mary Pickford had a formal christening for her new picture, which Ernest Lubitsch is directing. She has been working on a nameless production, but the other day she got out a bottle of ginger ale and gave it a real christening. Hereafter the picture is to be called "The Street Singer."

The company went on location to San Diego to make some of the scenes, leaving on a Sunday. Mary and Doug left on Saturday night in order to take a little camping trip on the beach. They found a wonderful place to camp that they were very proud of because it was so secluded nobody could find them. They went swimming and wading and fishing and made a wonderful lark of it. The trip took the place of their usual Sunday morning horseback jaunt when they start out to ride over the hills at five o'clock in the morning.

Mary and Doug went to the Newhall Rodeo a short time ago and since there were no regular seats available, Mary democratically sat on the fence with the cowboys. The whole crowd of them had a narrow escape when a steer charged them.

"The cowboys saw him coming and tumbled off the fence in a hurry," said Mary, "but I was so excited I sat right still and watched him. They stopped the animal before he reached the fence; if they hadn't, somebody else might have had to finish my picture."

Mary Asked To Be Queen

Mary was invited to be queen; think of that! A commission from her native Canada visited her recently to ask her to accept the title of Queen of Canada at a festival shortly to be held up there.

This title has never been conferred on anyone outside the nobility and Mary admitted that she was very flattered at the invitation and, being only human would rather like to be called a queen. But, inasmuch as she was busily engaged on her picture, she could not spare the time.

Oh, well, she's queen of the movies, anyway.

Theda to Go Back to Vamping

Well, it appears that Theda Bara has not lost the art of vamping. At least it would seem that she has vamped her husband, Charles Brabin, into consenting to her return to the screen. There has been quite a discussion for some time as to whether she should or should not continue her career and at last Mr. Brabin has agreed to let the shoulds have it.

Miss Bara has had a number of screen offers, and one with a certain big company seems to meet with her favor. The star never looked lovelier than she does at present; she has gone in for athletics, has foregone the tragedy make-up and has emerged from her retirement rosy and beautiful.

However, in spite of her wholesome appearance, Theda will continue to play vamp roles. Out in California, at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where she was interviewed, Miss Bara explained that during her recent personal appearance tour, she had her audiences vote as to what sort of roles she should play, and they invariably voted for the vampire roles.

"Only a few seemed to think it was their Christian duty to reform me, and voted for me in sweet roles!", laughed Miss Bara.

Betty May, of *Century Comedies*, barely had time to dress—or should we say had time to dress barely? EVANS.

Another Screen Divorce

Tom Forman and his wife are about to call off their marriage. Forman is a director, and his wife, Mary Mersch, was formerly William Farnum's leading woman. They have been married about five years and have a little son.

Mrs. Forman is shortly to file suit for divorce, though it has not yet been stated on what grounds.

Fanny Ward May Return

Remember Fanny Ward? The rumor is that she may return to the screen, younger and more beautiful than ever. She has just undergone a Steinach operation for rejuvenation until now she has the appearance and vivacity of a young girl, according to the reports.

Well, maybe some day none of us will need to get old.

Virginia Pearson Fans, Take Heed

All the fans who have a great admiration for Virginia Pearson will be pleased to learn that she is returning to the screen after an absence of two years, during which she starred in vaudeville.

She has just signed a contract with Arthur H. Jacobs to play the leading role in the next Frank Borzage production.

Carmel Myers Turns Vamp

It looks as if Carmel Myers were in for a whole season of vamping just because she made such a hit as a vamp in "The Famous Mrs. Fair." She is playing the coquettish dancing girl in William P. S. Earle's production of "King Tut," and before she even has time to unroll her eyes after playing in that picture, she is called upon for a similar roguish role in "The Magic Skin," for Goldwyn.

Charlotte Pierce Leaves Husband

Charlotte Pierce has filed suit against her husband, Mr. Mays, out in Hollywood, alleging that he is too expensive a luxury.

Miss Pierce says that during their married life, since June 12, 1922, her husband had worked only one week, and the rest of the time she supported him. She claimed if she gave him no money, he charged things to her account.

Inasmuch as Mr. Mays is a professional piano player capable of earning $15 a night, according to his wife, she objects to this way of living and took her objections to court.

"MARY of the MOVIES"

The heart-tugging story of a young girl's experiences within the studios of Hollywood. Fictionized from the Film Booking Office's picturization of Louis Lewyn's original story

By Charles Warnerby

Marian Mack as *"Mary."*

"Please don't, Ma," *Mary* pleaded. "It—it only makes me feel badly."

MARY!"

A woman's voice, thin and quavering, echoed up the narrow, rickety stairs of the little frame house, reaching the girl in her small room on the upper floor. She wearily raised her head from her hands and half-turned toward the open doorway.

"Yes, Ma?" she answered, frowning.

"Jack's home," was all the thin voice called quietly.

The frown that had gathered about the young girl's white forehead deepened, and she sighed. Before her, on the table, reposed a large, framed photograph in a cheap metal frame, of a young man with blonde hair. Her frowning eyes went back to it again, contemplating it now with a detachment foreign to her former mood. She was thinking, evidently, deeply, and she was sorely troubled.

Bright sunlight streamed in from a nearby window. It picked out with pitiless detail the mean furnishings of the small bedroom, with its single object of pure beauty. This object was the girl herself, who sat there so forlornly on a plain kitchen chair, gazing with frowning anxiety at the framed portrait before her.

The frowning intentness of her gaze seemed only to accentuate the girlish beauty of her face. Her full red lips were pursed in unhappy discontent and anxiety, while her dark eyes, shaded by long, black lashes, were marvelously clear and deep. The heat of the day had suffused her smooth white skin with a lovely flush, and her black hair seemed to glisten in the half-light of the room with a silken lustre.

Through the window at her left, the narrow, unshaded street of the little Arizona town gleamed dry and hot. The midsummer sun beat relentlessly down from its open vault of the blue sky, sending the heat in shimmering waves back up to the girl before the table in the small bedroom. At last she rose and with one last frowning, intent look of worship at the photograph before her, she turned and slowly made her way downstairs. In the small, stuffy front room of the house, that was sheltered from the glare without by dark and drawn shades, the girl found her mother.

A plain little woman of forty was resting wearily in an easy chair, a cheap cotton handkerchief rumpled and damp in her hand. Promptly the girl's anxiety turned to sympathy and a moment later she was kneeling by her mother's side.

"Jack's worse, Mother?" she asked fearfully.

The little woman shook her head sadly.

"Yes, Mary," she replied, her voice catching. "The doctor says that nothing but an operation will help him."

MARY raised her head quickly, searching her mother's face with eager intensity.

"Did he say," she asked uncertainly, "how much it would cost?"

Mrs. Mack nodded.

"One thousand dollars," she answered dolefully, adding with a wistful frown, "My! it's a lot o' money!"

Mary stayed motionless by her mother's knee, confronted by the harsh, inescapable fact of their predicament. Her younger brother, Jack, who had been a cripple even since childhood, now faced the alternative of lameness through life or an operation in a distant city—an operation that would cost one thousand dollars. And one thousand dollars to Mary seemed a stupendous sum.

Her thoughts flew above to the framed photograph of the handsome blonde youth, and she thought of something she had once read about him. Curiously, it was the fact, circulated by an industrious press agent, that the salary of the blonde young man was one thousand dollars a week.

One thousand dollars a week! That was the sort of wage one received in the movies!

Mrs. Mack had raised the cotton handkerchief to her eyes, and was weeping into it softly. Recalled from the reverie of the blonde youth, Mary strove to comfort her mother.

"Please don't, Ma," she pleaded. "It doesn't help any, and it—it only makes me feel badly."

Mrs. Mack sighed.

"I know it," she said sorrowfully. "I was just thinking of Jack, Mary."

FROM AN inner room, a ground floor bedroom, came a boy's voice, high-pitched and irritable, asking for a glass of water. Mrs. Mack rose, drying her eyes and striving to remove all traces of her weeping.

"That's Jack, now!" she murmured. "He's going to bed, he's that tired, after spendin' all the morning at the doctor's. I'll get him his drink."

She passed out of the tiny dark parlor, and a moment later her voice, patient and comforting, came back to Mary still kneeling by her mother's empty chair. The sound roused Mary, and she rose to her feet. The color in her round cheeks had deepened and her eyes sparkled with the light of gathering resolve.

"One thousand dollars," she mused earnestly.

An ancient mahogany mirror that had seen better days ornamented a wall opposite to where the girl stood with frowning brows. She found herself looking into it now, as she mused over her predicament, and the seeming dilemma into which she had come.

"One thousand dollars," she murmured again, as a great resolution welled within her.

"Well, Mary," she remarked to the dark, beautiful face with its jet black hair that hung about her head like a cloud of smoke. "It's up to you to get it somehow. Yes, sir, it's up to you."

That evening, as the Mack family, consisting of Mary, her mother and her sister Lizzie, sat about the supper table in the little dining room of the Mack home, discussing Jack's condition, Lizzie asked Mary a question. Lizzie worked in a nearby restaurant as cashier, and as a contributor to the support of the Mack home, she was something of a privileged character.

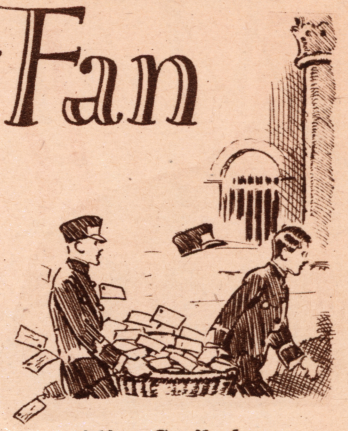
"Is Ray Cannon coming here tonight?" she inquired.

(*Continued on page* 28)

Where Fan Meets Fan

Have You Ever Met a Screen Star?

Many of you, perhaps, have had the good fortune to see your film favorites in person. If so, we should like to hear your experience. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.



This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

A man I loved very deeply had gone to Hollywood. He was in the picture game and a friend of William Desmond. With trembling fingers I lifted the receiver to my ear and called to ask William Desmond to see me. He was making personal appearances and giving a sort of act at one of the vaudeville houses.

He was so sweetly courteous to me, saying I could come to his dressing room and talk about *him* (the man I believed I loved).

The thrill, the wonder, of my being in an actor's dressing room, fairly made me incapable of speaking of the one I came to ask of. William Desmond took my trembling hand in his and told me that I should give up the foolish, one-sided love that couldn't ever bring me happiness. I let him play father confessor, I told him all my heart!

He smiled as he told me, "After all the years I have been associated with women, they are surely beyond me! You still love him, when you know he is not deserving; you still care for someone who is no longer what he was when you knew him."

Time slipped by, an hour, measured by minutes, years, by the experience I gained, and I left William Desmond with the firm resolution to leave all past love and hope as they were and to take my life as I should—practically. I hear the words, "Few men are worthy of sacrificial love," Desmond's words, singing in my heart, with their sound judgment bringing me greater happiness than I had ever hoped for.

OLIVE WAINWRIGHT.

Two Dancers Hope to Break Into Movies

My little sister and I danced for the Movie Ball in Springfield, Mass., and met a dozen notable stars: Maurice Costello, who is very worn-looking, but very witty; Wilfrid Lytell, as handsome off as on the stage. When he spoke it meant something, and he seems to be a very serious young man. Margaret Fielding, who has been playing in "If Winter Comes," is very beautiful—doesn't look like an actress—more like a society woman with a hobby. Beautiful Grace Davidson, the most charming of all. Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle, who does not look as if she ever had a sorrow. The two last mentioned lionized us (much to our supreme joy) and told mother we should be in the "profession." After meeting all these people, we don't think the movie world is a bad place and are very anxious to "break in" ourselves.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

She Was Thrilled at Sight of Johnny Hines

About a year ago Johnny Hines was playing in "Burn 'Em Up Barnes." We fans were thrilled by the announcement that Johnny was to appear in person. I had never seen him before, but he was an actor, and that was enough.

It was my luck to get in at about the beginning of the picture. This meant that I must either miss the hero or see the picture twice, as he made his appearance only every other performance. Of course I stayed to see the picture over, and it was very good, thanks to Mr. Hines.

At last Mr. Hines entered the stage. He didn't look a bit different from anyone else, as I had thought he would. He spoke to us in a kind, yet business-like tone. His speech was brief, but my, how it thrilled me! I was as far front as I could possibly get and I heard every word distinctly. Of course there really wasn't much to hear, but I thought that I had been greatly honored by being permitted to behold a movie star.

ALICE M. PEREGOY.

Hearing Stars on the Radio

Although I have never seen a movie star in person, I have heard a few speak. This was accomplished by means of our radio.

If the wild waves are saying anything, they're probably telling the *Mack Sennett* comedians to watch out for *Cecile Evans*.

I have heard Lillian Gish, who has a low voice, not at all like one would imagine to see her. One would expect a girlish voice, but her voice is older than she really appears to be. I suppose that she is very sensible and that is the reason. Will Rogers certainly made us laugh one night; he certainly can string it off. I have also heard the wonderful Rudolph Valentino. His voice is lovely and he has a slight foreign accent, rolling his R's a little. They all talked on movies, as I suppose is very natural for them, and we certainly did get a thrill out of it.

"HAPPY."

Sweet Alice Smiled

About two years ago, two friends and I were walking along Broadway, when suddenly we stopped short, for there, right past us, was Miss Alice Brady, accompanied by an elderly lady. The surprise took our breath away and left us trembling with excitement.

I there resolved to speak to her, although one of my friends protested. My other friend and I followed her within a reasonable distance and saw her enter a small shop. After waiting a few minutes, she came out. I stepped in front of her and spoke. I told her how much I thought of her pictures and how much I liked her. She said that she was very glad to know us, and she smiled. What a smile! And what dimples! With my heart thumping against my ribs, I said good-bye, and we left her. I will never forget this chance meeting with charming Miss Brady.

RHEA HERMELIN.

When Viola Was Scared Clear Down to Her Boots

The most vivacious, bright and dashing young movie star who never fails to cheer and enliven my sluggish moods, appeared in person at one of her pictures shown at the Loew Theatre at Washington Heights and she certainly is a sure cure for the blues.

I had longed to meet her in person ever since first hearing of her, and have never missed an opportunity of seeing her pictures. I considered it a real Red Letter Day when, like a shy little school girl, she stepped before the large audience with her knees actually shaking. She said "she was scared way down in her boots," but as she told of her work and her life, all the shyness dropped away and the Live Wire Viola Dana stood there thrilling us to the finger-tips, and we all felt just "lonesome" after she disappeared midst a storm of applause.

DAISY DE LANCEY.

When Mae Murray Shed Real Tears

Last summer I saw lovely Mae Murray, but under a very unfortunate circumstance.

I was walking up to the front of the stage entrance of the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, when I came to a halt at a very pitiable sight.

Miss Murray stood in front of the stairs crying, with real big tears in her eyes and shaking her left foot, which she had hurt. This in itself is enough to make one realize how very human they are.

She looks more beautiful than on the screen, with big blue eyes, blonde hair and the sweetest little figure imaginable. I shall never forget this little incident.

MARGARET NEMEDY.

Several Stars Seen in Person

A few weeks ago, while visiting in Seattle, I was fortunate in seeing one of my favorite stars—Miss Nell Shipman. As I looked at her, there came to my mind a picture in which she had played—"God's Country and the Woman"—and remembered how I had longed to see her in person. Like all interviewers say—Neil is so much more beautiful off the screen.

The very next week I saw Wesley Barry at the Coliseum Theatre. Like a "Jack-in-the-Box" he emerged from a barrel on the left cue in the cutest fashion imaginable. He talks in the after-dinner-manner, not like a professional at all. I like him for being a regular boy.

F. W.

Alone Once More

Fourth absorbing instalment of "The Life of a Movie Actress," *laying bare the innermost secrets* of a young girl's heart in her battle for fame in the studio world

By Mary Jessop

What has happened thus far:

When Rita Rogers is eighteen, her father loses his money and soon dies. She has been brought up by her sister, Grace, ten years her senior. The two girls move to New York, where Grace secures employment in a Fifth Avenue shop and Rita becomes a salesgirl in a department store. Robert Allen, head of the firm, recognizes Rita as the daughter of his old friend—her father. He insists that she take a vacation at his expense. Rita impulsively kisses him. She returns fully rested and is placed in the glove department, where she is under his watchful eye. The two girls are now living at Mrs. Carey's boarding house, where Rita meets Fred Randall. Meantime Grace dies of pneumonia. Randall makes love to Rita and one night Mrs. Carey finds him in Rita's room in his pajamas with Rita in his arms. Mrs. Carey orders them both out of her house. The next day at the store, Rita, sobbing violently, tells Mr. Allen the whole story. He tells her he loves her and proposes that she become his mistress, explaining that he cannot marry her at this time because his wife refuses to give him a divorce, even though there is no love between them and they do not live together. He suggests she think it over carefully, but she decides in favor of his proposition at once and they live together as man and wife.

"What if I should fall in love with someone else?" I asked him.

I TRUSTED him implicitly and believed in his goodness and honesty in all his intentions toward me. He had tried several times since we began living together to get his wife to consent to a divorce, but she was like the Rock of Gibraltar on that point. He spent some of his time in the house with her and his son, but very little, and claimed that whenever he did go there it was because of his son.

Of course we had no friends. We couldn't have. But I didn't actually miss them. Robert and I motored and went on wonderful trips together. We theatred and dined out and danced. Occasionally he introduced me to someone as "Miss Rogers." The people I met in this way were polite. He used to argue that we were as good as married—that it was surely purer, sweeter in the sight of God for two people like us to live together than many of the married people who hated each other and whose lives were shams. But we weren't married. We weren't what society demands of people. But I still dreamed of love and marriage. I couldn't describe it, but I knew love was different from what I felt for Robert.

"What if I should fall in love with someone else?" I once asked him.

He looked very grave. "Please don't, Rita. I'm not thinking of what it would mean to me if I lost you, but of you. You'd tell him everything, because you couldn't lie. It isn't in you."

"But suppose I told him everything and he forgave me?"

"Men don't forgive—this. You break my heart when you remind me of what I've done to you."

"Oh, but surely some men would!"

"Never, really. They say the words, but don't feel them, or their minds try to say them, but their hearts don't back up their minds. Believe me, men don't forgive this, Rita, darling. And yet, I know one man who might—but no, in a pinch, I'm afraid he'd be like the rest. Can't you ever love me—really, truly, love me as I do you?"

I WONDER if I don't really, truly, love you, Robert?" I replied. "I think you are fine and wonderful and very, very good to me. I'm fonder of you than anyone in the world. Does that help?"

"Well, at least we've been very happy together and you're the sweetest-tempered woman I ever knew."

He promised to be home early that day. (He always called our apartment "home.") When he didn't arrive at four, I telephoned his office. I seldom did that, but I felt a strange sense of impending disaster.

They told me that Mr. Allen had left at one and would not be back for several days. Strange he hadn't 'phoned me since he was detained. It was unlike him, as consideration for me was one of his characteristics.

I was beside myself with apprehension. Never shall I forget those hours of waiting; hours which stretched way into the night until, from utter exhaustion, I fell asleep. I had a strong impulse to telephone the police to see if anything had happened to him, but I knew I dare not. I wanted to telephone his home, but that, too, was out of the question.

The next morning I woke and rang for my maid, asking her to bring me the morning paper. She told me it hadn't come and from the way she said it, I knew she was not speaking the truth.

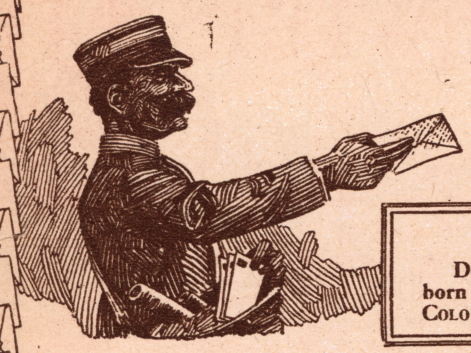
I sprang out of bed and shook her shoulder roughly. "Bring me that paper at once, do you hear? What has happened, oh, what has happened!" It ended in a kind of wail.

SO SHE brought it. The news was on the first page in large headlines, accompanied by his picture. Robert Allen had been driving toward our apartment—coming to me, when a Fifth Avenue bus had crashed into him on the slippery pavement of Riverside Drive. Robert had been seriously hurt and taken to his home on Fifth Avenue.

Oh, the tragedy of it! They couldn't have brought him to me, even if they had known about me. It was to his wife, the woman who hadn't a particle of love or charity or kindness toward him, but who bore his name, they brought the injured man. According to the paper, he died a few hours later.

The next few days were filled with agony. I had

(*Continued on page* 29)



Fan Hates Charles De Roche

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or she—is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

FORGET-ME-NOT—As if I could! Dorothy Dalton is divorced from Lew Cody. She was born in Chicago. No, Mary Miles Minter has never been married. I don't believe William Farnum has made any pictures since "Brass Commandments." That probably concluded his contract with Fox.

KID BIFF—With a fighting name like that, you must be ready to challenge Dempsey. No, Pauline Garon is not married, as she is only eighteen. Write her at the Famous Players Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Gloria Swanson is in her late twenties.

R. S. V. P.—We might consider your suggestion about the contest to decide the ten most beautiful women of the screen, but we don't want to start any hair-pulling matches around here. Priscilla Dean's picture—double page—was published in Movie Weekly for February 26, 1921, and Katherine MacDonald's for November 25, 1922. Richard Barthelmess' single page portrait appeared March 3, 1923.

A CHARLES DE ROCHE HATER—What did poor Charlie ever do to make you hate him? Rudolph can't return to the screen until his present contract expires. Write him for his picture at 50 W. 67th St., New York. Write Thomas Meighan at the Famous Players Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

L. H.—Pauline Garon seems to be popular on the answer page today. That is her real name; she has been in pictures about two years.

SPIT-FIRE FLAPPER — I'd have to get out a special spit-fire flapper edition of Movie Weekly to attempt to answer all your questions. Florence Dixon played Thomas Meighan's sweetheart in the beginning of "Back Home and Broke." Warner Baxter played Tom Silverton in "The Ninety and Nine," and Lloyd Whitlock played the villain. Gladys Brockwell played Nancy Sikes in "Oliver Twist," and she is now playing in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Yes, Marguerite Clark left the screen soon after her marriage.

POLLY—And I just ate up all the crackers! May Allison is five feet five inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Robert Ellis is her first husband. Mae Murray is five feet three and weighs one hundred and ten. Mary and Doug were married March 28, 1920. Mary's hobbies are reading and mountain climbing. Do I want you to write again? Why, I shall just die of disappointment if you don't.

I. M. A. BOOB—At least it's something to your credit that you realize you are. Can I guess what state you're in? Surely you're not referring to the state of coma? Yes, I should love to have a copy of your newspaper telling all about your town. I'm sorry I know nothing about Sylvia Kingsley.

NOBODY'S BABY—And now I know why—it's because you ask people to do impossible things, like putting your answer in the next issue, just as if Movie Weekly were printed casually after dinner. Lloyd Hughes was born in Arizona, in 1899, and has dark hair and grey eyes. He is married to Gloria Hope. His studio address is Ince Studio, Culver City, Cal. His latest pictures are "Love Never Dies" and "Judgment of the Storm."

Now what do you suppose *Viola Dana's* so upset about?

E. J. L.—Pola Negri's address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Charlie Chaplin's is 1416 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles. Richard Barthelmess, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York.

WINDSOR—Are you a shot gun or a tie? Claire Windsor was born in Cawker City, Kansas. Her address is Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. She is not married at present.

THE SMILING ONE—Mine till Philadelphia wins the series, you say. Does that mean mine forever? Helen Fintch is not a screen actress. I believe she appeared in a Broadway musical comedy.

MINNYA—I should think Ramon would be delighted to accept the ode to him that you wrote. I know I would, if anybody ever wrote an ode to me. I don't know his home address, but I know him and know that he reads his own fan mail. Send it to the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. He is about five feet eight and has nearly-black hair and eyes. He is Mexican and speaks broken English. Movie Weekly published an interview with him in the issue for February 17, 1923, and his picture April 21st. The girl on the cover of our March 17th issue is Ann Perdue, a new screen actress, now playing in Robertson-Cole's "Daytime Wives."

CURIOSITY — It's curiosity that keeps my job for me—other people's curiosity. No, Agnes Ayres did not play on the screen as a child. She began with the old Essanay company.

ASHIE—So you liked the leading man in "Racing Hearts?" Well, it was Richard Dix who made your heart race. Watch for him in "Souls for Sale." George O'Hara is playing in F. B. O.'s "Fighting Blood" series.

TILLIE THE TOILER—I'm certainly glad to hear from you; I've a lot of dishes at my house you can come and wash. I suppose the reason Alice Calhoun doesn't play in more pictures is that they don't give her any more to play in. Conway Tearle was born in New York in 1880. Marie Prevost's favorite sport is swimming.

R. JULIO VALENTINO—You rather fell for Rudolph, didn't you? He is five feet nine and his wife is about five feet seven. Yes, it was Pat Moore who played "The Young Rajah" as a boy. Yes, Ramon Novarro has hair about the same color as Rudolph's—blue-black. Ramon is about five feet eight. The latest candidate for "Ben Hur" is James Kirkwood. Write to Movie Weekly, Sales Dept., for back issues of the past year, enclosing ten cents for each number.

NORMA H.—So you want a costume like the one Ramon Novarro wore in "Where the Pavement Ends?" I regret that I am not an expert in costumes of that sort. Betty Compson's picture, "The White Flower," was made in the South Sea Islands, and so was Goldwyn's "Lost and Found." Lon Chaney lives at 1575 Edgemont Ave., Hollywood.

B. C.—In movie circles that is known as Before Censorship. Theodore Kosloff is no longer playing in pictures, but is dancing over the country. I've no idea where he can be reached.

PANDORA—You know what Pandora did, don't you—let loose all the trouble on the world? Rod La Rocque is not related to Monte Blue, though they look so much alike they are often mistaken for one another. Write Rod at the Green Room Club, 139 W. 47th St., New York. David Butler lives at 972 Arapahoe St., Los Angeles. I'm not at liberty to make public Thomas Meighan's home address. Anyway, I don't happen to know it.

AN ADMIRER OF PRISCILLA DEAN—She'll be pleased to know that you admire her. We published a double page picture of her in the issue for February 26, 1921, which you can get from Movie Weekly for ten cents. You can write her at Universal City, Cal., and to Leatrice Joy at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

UNDER the COOPER-HEWITTS with The CAMERAMAN

LIGHTS! . . . We hear. That Theodore Dreiser. The well-known author. Has trained his guns. On the Authors' League. Who have planned to hold a three days' Congress. At the Waldorf-Astoria. Discussing motion pictures. And deciding the momentous question of whether they are an art. Or an industry. Mr. Dreiser asseverated. That during the recent agitation. Anent the Cotillo Clean Books Bill. At Albany. The Authors' League maintained. A discreet silence. For all of which Mr. Dreiser. Is being duly "panned." By the press. But now that we think of it. Just what did the Authors' League do. In connection with the Clean Books Bill. At Albany. Anyway?

FILM STARS. The newspapers tell us. Are wanted in Hollywood. Young men with fine faces. And fine physiques. As some ladies would say. And do so often. Also young and comely girls. With Mary Pickford curls 'n' everything. For the lists, they say. Of available screen material. Are sadly depleted. Well, well! How come? Was it not a few short months ago. That we were reading of idle screen folk. By the thousands in Hollywood? What has become of them? Are they all stars now? Or have they just gone back home discouraged? In any event, boys and girls with screen aspirations. Don't believe everything you read. In the newspapers.

WHICH REMINDS US. That recently we read. That a gentleman named Dave Allen. Who has something to do with getting people jobs in the movies. Made the statement. That out of 3,000 people registered with him. Only about 150 could be classed as "aristocratic." Or that is, and we quote. "Good enough to play refined atmosphere." What, we wonder, does this indicate? Who are all these people who seek film fame, anyway? And what, moreover, did those picture people mean! By refusing Craig Biddle. Fifty dollars a day?

HERBERT HOWE. The eminent fan writer. Has broken into print with a statement. That female movie stars. Are a vast improvement over male movie stars. In the matter of brains and general companionship. Moreover, avers Mr. Howe. The female of the movie species. Is infinitely superior to the female of all other species. Well! Whether he's right. Or whether he's wrong. We can't say. Or had we better put it. We'd rather not? All that we do know. And do say is. That when it comes to conversation. And companionship. We prefer Jackie Coogan. To anyone else. We know.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS. According to the Los Angeles *Times*. Has created something "entirely different and distinct." In his new picture, "The Fighting Blade." Going on to say. That his characterization in this opus. Is of one small, brown, alert and competent. "Contemptuous he is." We quote. "Of clumsiness and cowardice." And "when a dangerous game is being played, he laughs. His age depends upon his mood. He is as easily 15 as 25." *As* easily, did you say? Well, well! We fear *we* should have said. *More* easily!

IRENE CASTLE. According to the press. Has issued a statement. Approving of a belt. To be worn by dancers. Which will preclude rather than ensure. Contiguity. Thereby divorcing the dance. From some of its alleged objectionable features. Well! If our memory serves us. The talented Miss Castle. Had considerable to do. With the present national enthusiasm. For dancing. A destination which we venture to observe. Was not reached via a dancing "belt." Either.

RAY SHROCK. The scenario editor at Universal. Has made the discovery. According to the press. That it is the *story* in pictures. That is the essential ingredient. In the concoction of screen entertainment. Mr. Shrock goes on to say. That "several trained minds should consult over each story. Until it is as near 100 per cent perfect as possible." Splendid, Ray! And now in your selection of the next year's batch of Universal productions. Just see that you do this. We'll be watchfully waiting.

IN JAVA. Which is the twin brother of Mocha. And geographically is an island. Beyond the equator. There has recently been published a ban. On motion pictures of the "cowboy" variety. So severe in fact. Has the prohibition become. That a rigorous penalty is attached to its violation. For the Javanese authorities. It seems. Are inclined to hold the western thrillers. A trifle too inspiring. For their impressionable people. Ergo the ban. Well! There have been times and pictures of this variety. That made us wish. That we lived in Java.

J. H. McNABB. A gentleman from Chicago. Who recently addressed the Society of Motion Picture Engineers. In Atlantic City. Said among other things. That in a few years' time. There will be a projection machine in every home. So that Uncle Ed. And Aunt Mary. Will be able to sit around and enjoy the movies. Without stirring out of doors. Well! This is all very nice. And we welcome such progress. But we wonder how. Mr. Levenson. Who reviews about a dozen pictures a week. For Movie Weekly. Feels about all this.

DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST. The eminent theologian. Has just passed his 81st birthday. Eighty-one years old. Think of it! Dr. Parkhurst remarked. In connection with the modern craze for dancing. That it was not "wicked," but was simply "stupid." Well! We are not much of a dancer. But when we think of Dr. Parkhurst's designation. Of the dance as stupid. We are prone to remonstrate. Until we remember. That Dr. Parkhurst. Is eighty-one years old!

WILL ROGERS. The droll monologist. Who enlivens the Ziegfeld Follies. With his many quips and jests. Anent human frailty. Recently assured Mr. Ziegfeld that he would not quit the Follies. During its present run. Regardless of the cash that was offered him by others. To go in motion pictures. All of which is commendable in Mr. Rogers. But does it not speak a word for Mr. Ziegfeld, too? For in this life, a man usually gets back. What he broadcasts.

Screen Shadows of Coming Events

FRED NIBLO has a pirate flag all ready to fly in the filming of "Captain Applejack," and he's going to fly it no matter what anybody says. For it seems there is a little controversy on the subject, a naval officer having suggested that the pirate flag could not be displayed on the high seas even for a motion picture. An attempt to get a ruling from the United States Attorney General and the Mexican Government has been causing an expensive delay, so finally the powers that be at the Louis B. Mayer studios concluded that they would fly their Jolly Roger no matter what happened. For, they decided, it would be more expensive to stop the production than it would be to sink a ship and let all the cast of the picture go to jail.

"THE EXTRA GIRL" is keeping Mabel Normand very busy these days, being in the nature of extra work for her. Richard Jones, who is making the picture, spent a great deal of time and anxiety trying to find an actress for the name part; no less than five beautiful young ladies were tried out, but none of them seemed to fit. Some of them even tried to imitate the vivacious Mabel, but Mr. Jones finally decided that the comedienne was inimitable; so even while she was working hard on "Mary Ann," soon to be released, Mabel had to get busy and play in two pictures at once. Mabel thinks she needs "The Extra Girl" to help her do all that work.

"IN OLD MADRID," Clara Kimball Young's newest vehicle, includes in its cast a dancer who is totally deaf. He is David Marvel, one of the leading dancers of the American vaudeville stage, who is appearing for the first time on the screen. He can not hear a note of what the orchestra is playing when he dances, but he feels the vibrations and thus keeps perfect time.

NORMA TALMADGE is taking fencing lessons for her next picture, "Ashes of Vengeance," under the instruction of Fred Cavens, formerly of the National Military College of Belgium. The action of the film requires that Norma fence in order to help out her sweetheart. Fencing furnishes a pretty foil for Norma's beauty!

BUSTER KEATON has just finished what he calls, with great disregard for the rules of spelling, the "Kolossal Keaton Komedy." The name of the picture is "The Three Ages," which Buster thinks is a great improvement on Shakespeare's seven ages of man. There are only three ages, according to Buster—cribbage, marriage and dotage.

JACKIE COOGAN has begun work on "Long Live the King," the Mary Roberts Rinehart story, which Victor Schertzinger is directing. The cast includes Rosemary Theby, Ruth Renick, Allan Forrest and Alan Hale. Jackie plays the part of Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto, which, we think, is rather a large name for such a small boy!

"THE MASTER OF WOMEN," adapted from G. B. Lancaster's novel, "The Law-Bringers," has been affording a strenuous time for its cast. Pat O'Malley says he has been getting his daily dozen out of his day's work under Director Reginald Barker, and Rene Adoree says one has to have a daily dozen hours of sleep to keep sufficiently fit. Because of which, they have nicknamed Reginald Barker the "daily dozen director."

Mary of the Movies

(Continued from page 23)

Mary flushed with annoyance.

"I hope not," she answered shortly. "He's a perfect nuisance—that Ray Cannon. My goodness! I should think he could see I'm not a bit interested in him."

"Mary," remonstrated Mrs. Mack. "Don't you think you're a little hard on poor Ray?"

Mary nodded indignantly and flared back.

"I've been nice to him," she retorted, "until I'm sick and tired of being nice to him. He's worn out enough of our furniture just sitting around here, and he can stop any time he wants to, without its hurting my feelings."

LIZZIE, who was as hard on the eyes as Mary was easy, did not like this and said so. Mary was altogether too independent.

"Anyone to hear you talk," she said hotly, "would think we were all millionaires. Do you mind telling me, Miss, how you feel you can afford to disregard the attentions of anyone like Ray Cannon?"

Mary gave Lizzie a withering look, and turned away.

"Take him yourself, if you like him so much!" Mary retorted. "As for me, I don't."

Lizzie regarded her sister coldly for an instant, and then revealed what lay uppermost in her mind.

"I was thinking of Jack," she said coldly. "Squire Cannon is rich. A thousand dollars wouldn't mean anything to him."

"Nothing more than his right eye," Mary answered.

Mrs. Mack, ever a neutral between her two daughters' warfare, now ventured a gentle suggestion.

"I do think, Mary," she said quietly, "that you might be a little nicer to Raymond. If he asked you to marry him, and you did, it would enable Jack to walk again like other boys."

Mary bit her lip in silence, feeling that the forces arrayed against her were too great for her singly to combat. It was easier to think of the framed photograph above, and of the thousand dollars a week it represented.

After supper and the dishes had been washed, Mary went out on the front porch which bordered one of the side streets of Oasis. Dusk had fallen over that part of Arizona, and the night sky of summer in the heavens above had turned to a deep, luminous purple, through which tiny gleaming points of silver were beginning to glitter into being.

Mary sank into a chair at the far end of the porch, away from the small stuffy parlor where Lizzie was already beginning to pick out upon the nasal-toned piano the air of "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

Occupied with her usual reverie, she waited in the hope that someone would happen along and invite her to the movies where, better than anything else, she might again see the romantic idol of her dreams, whose photograph adorned the small table in her bedroom.

"Even if Ray Cannon *were* to come——" she ruminated, overcoming her dislike of her admirer in her desire to attend the Parthenon Picture Theatre just around the corner.

As if in answer to her wish, a young man dressed in a check suit, but bearing unmistakable traces of a rural environment, came slowly down the sidewalk toward the Mack home, carrying a package that looked suspiciously like a box of chocolates.

"It's Ray now!" Mary mentally ejaculated, and the thought of his approach and the satisfaction her going out with him would afford her mother and sister made her almost glad of the opportunity.

THE object of her thoughts had paused before the gate of the Mack home and was standing there uncertainly, shifting from foot to foot.

"Why, good evening, Raymond," Mary called down to him.

The awkward youth shuffled his feet for a moment, and then, pushing slowly through the gate, hesitantly approached the porch.

"Evenin'," he said awkwardly. He had all the earmarks of the village slicker in his department store get up, and Mary, who had an eye for details, took him in with an involuntary pang. Not even for Jack, her brother, whom she loved, she decided miserably, could she ever, ever marry a man like this.

Hobbies of the Stars

By GRACE GREENWOOD

Edith Roberts is a spiritualist, and believes that she holds communion with her late father, Dr. Armstrong, who was killed during a Universal expedition to South Africa, five years ago.

Louise Lovely collects marbles as a hobby. She began when she was a little girl.

Priscilla Dean has an aviator's license.

Tom Mix is an expert mechanic. When he is working on a story, he goes out and gets under an old automobile he owns, tears the machine to pieces, puts it together again while he's working up his plot, and when the machine is finished, so is the story.

Bebe Daniels has a colored maid who always goes onto the set with Bebe when the star is working, and who laughs and cries with the different scenes in a manner that is inspiring to the actress.

Jane Novak is a great lover of the outdoors, and has a big store of outdoor information.

Mildred Davis loves handkerchiefs, and has a fine collection of real lace ones.

Clara Kimball Young is a lover of perfumes, and is an expert in distinguishing the best.

Bert Grassby is a devoted family man.

Leatrice Joy has a fondness for stick candy. In vain does an admirer send her French bon-bons.

Patsy Ruth Miller loves to knit between scenes at the studio. She learned during the war, when she was in school, and she says that the girls of her class used to knit behind their desks without looking at their fingers, because it was against the rules to knit in school.

Cullen Landis likes horseback riding better than motoring.

Lila Lee never had much chance to play with dolls when a little girl on the stage, so she collects fancy ones now. She likes Japanese dolls in particular.

Virginia Faire writes good verse. Her first verses were on the war, and were sent to her uncle in the service in France.

Claire Windsor came to California for her health, but remained to go into pictures.

Richard Dix once studied medicine.

Katherine MacDonald likes a ham sandwich and a bottle of milk for lunch.

We'll have to get out regular bulletins on Mary McLaren. Since writing last, she has returned to the screen.

Shannon Day began her career as a clothes model.

So did Miss Dupont.

Cullen Landis adores apple pie.

William S. Hart has just written a book entitled "Told Under a White Oak Tree," and the authorship is described as "By Bill Hart's Pinto Pony." It is the autobiography of the horse which Bill used to ride in pictures, and which he has pensioned off.

Mary Miles Minter is studying French and Italian and the piano.

Doug Fairbanks says he speaks French well enough to find his way around a French menu.

Young Mr. Cannon had paused again by the steps and something in his manner suddenly struck Mary as being strange and different. She steeled herself to the disagreeable contact and spoke the words which she knew her mother and Lizzie would be glad to hear.

"Won't you come up, Raymond?" she invited.

A strange silence followed her request, which found Mary wholly at a loss. Cannon continued to shift awkwardly with something, apparently, on his mind.

"I'd like to," he muttered, "but I can't. I'm goin' ter see Molly Higgins up-street. We're agoin' to the movies."

"Oh!" Mary exclaimed with a queer mixture of annoyance and relief.

Still shifting, Raymond suddenly blurted out what was on his mind:

"Y'see, Mary," he mumbled, "you an' me have been keepin' sort o' stiddy company o' late, until Pa's got onto it, an' now he says it's—gotta stop. See? So I just stopped by ter—ter——"

He paused again in awkward embarrassment, while Mary felt a chill like an icy bubble pass up her spine.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Indeed! Well, Raymond, don't do anything your father doesn't want you to do—especially around here, for to tell you the truth, it really wouldn't be welcome."

"I—I'm sorry, Mary," Raymond stammered, feeling supremely ill at ease.

"Don't let it trouble you at all," Mary returned coldly. "And don't let it detain you. Good night."

And turning abruptly, she left the awkward bearer of bad news and entered the front door of her home.

MARY found her mother and Lizzie in Jack's bedroom which he occupied because of the difficulty he experienced in climbing the stairs. Back among the pillows of a plain white iron bed reposed the white, thin face of a young boy of fifteen.

"How do you feel, Jack?" Mary asked him, as silence fell upon her entrance.

"My leg hurts," Jack complained in a querulous voice.

"I'm so sorry, dear," Mary sympaathized.

The sight of her mother's damp and crumpled handkerchief clutched in her hand and furtively applied at intervals to her eyes, reminded Mary of the situation they all faced. The sight of her brother lying helpless before her and the memory of the framed photograph in her bedroom above, suddenly conspired to conceive in her a wild idea—an idea that had been slowly, and only half consciously, taking form in her thoughts, for weeks and weeks. It burst from her in a tempest of emotion.

"Mother!" she cried, "I'm going to Hollywood!"

Startled, Mrs. Mack turned her face toward her younger daughter, amazement written in every line.

"Mary," she exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

Mary took a deep breath of inspiration and resolve and decided not to mince matters.

"It simply means," she said determinedly, "that I'm going to Hollywood to become a movie star and earn the money that will make Jack a well boy again."

Wide-eyed with bewilderment and wonder, the frail boy in the white iron bed lay watching his sister's spirited declaration.

"Oh, Mary, no, you couldn't! You mustn't think of such a thing!" her mother remonstrated. "To Hollywood, that centre of sin? I couldn't hear of such a thing!"

Mary tightened her pretty red lips in a look of grim determination and nodded her head emphatically.

"I'm not afraid of Hollywood's sin," she retorted. "Hollywood's no different from any other town, and if a girl can't take care of herself in Hollywood, she can't take care of herself anywhere. I'm going out there and get a job in the movies. Other girls have done it and become stars. Why can't I?"

The grim determination written in every line of Mary's face stilled the protest that rose automatically to her mother's lips.

"But—but the money—the carfare!" she said helplessly.

"I've got fifty-six dollars saved up, Ma," Mary returned, and that will take me to Hollywood and leave me something to live on until I find work."

Mrs. Mack gave a despairing shrug of surrender.

"Well, Mary," she replied sadly, "if you will, you will, and that's all there is to it. When will you leave?"

"Tomorrow!" Mary announced triumphantly. "And now, Liz, come up and help me pack my bag, for I'm going to catch an early train."

(Continued next week)

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Life Story of a Movie Actress

(*Continued from page* 25)

no friends or relatives to whom I could turn. Nobody in this whole big city was more utterly alone than I. I could not go to the funeral, but my mourning for him was more genuine than that of any of the people there, unless it was his son.

But finally I was bound to face the immediate future. I was running an expensive establishment and the bills were piling up just the same as when Robert Allen was there to pay them. I had very little money, as he had never settled an amount upon me. He had paid the bills and supplied me with all the ready cash I could possibly require. Since jewelry was the one thing I was sensitive about receiving, I had very little of that, and were I to sell it, the money would keep me but a short time. There was very little else which I could turn into ready cash.

AND WHAT, oh what would I do to earn a living? Must I go back to another glove counter? After the year of luxury with Robert Allen, I was even less fitted for it than I had been.

But about noon a young man in deep mourning called upon me. I recognized him immediately from the pictures Robert had shown me. It was his son, Robert, Jr., a nice, clean-cut, good-looking boy of twenty-five. Robert used to talk about him a great deal. His words at first came shyly. His father had told him about me. His father was one of the finest men in the world, and he, Robert, Jr., wanted me to understand that his son did not criticise him for anything he had done. "Father loved and respected you," he told me earnestly. "Just before he died I was alone with him and he told me about you and how happy you had made him. He asked me to look after you because he knew I could be trusted. You see, he couldn't very well put you in his will, but he said he should have made a settlement upon you before. Since he hadn't, he left it to my honor to see that you received the income on five hundred thousand dollars, which is to be invested in your name."

"I—I don't deserve it. Oh, what must you think of me?" I asked him. It really was awful to sit there talking that way to a boy so nearly my age.

"Father said you were an angel. I shall always think of you that way. I loved my father. He loved you. He wanted you to have the money."

"All right," I said shortly. "You are very like your father—kind, generous, honest."

The crimson deepened in his cheeks, but he said nothing, and as soon as he decently could, hurried away. I knew that he hadn't told the truth when he said he would always think of me as an angel. He thought like the world. To him I was an outcast and only his deep love for his father made it possible for him to talk to me and be kind to me.

The next day Robert Allen, Jr. brought all the papers to me to be signed. "If you have any difficulty, let me know," he said.

Temporarily I decided to stay in the home which Robert Allen had shared with me. At first I missed him horribly and my life was about the loneliest imaginable. But I had the good sense after a couple of weeks of absolute solitude to advertise for a companion to go abroad with me.

I chose a Mrs. Benson, who was sufficiently older than me to give me the air of respectability I needed. Together we went to London, to Paris and other places I had always dreamed of visiting.

IT WAS in Paris, six months after Robert's death, that I suddenly decided to become a movie actress, and once having made up my mind to that, we immediately set sail for America and then to Hollywood. Mrs. Benson was glad of the opportunity to accompany me. She had some experience in the theatrical profession in her younger days and was anxious to get into the pictures playing mother parts. Besides, she felt sure she could be of service to me in breaking into the game, and I must admit that I don't see just how I would have accomplished it had it not been for her advice.

As a matter of fact, when I first spoke to her of my ambition, it was but a vague notion, but by the time I had added her enthusiasm to mine, it became a settled fact that nothing but the movies would do for me. With my looks and my youth backed up with my money, there seemed to be nothing to it, according to her.

"Of course you've got to deliver, or you'll not get over, money or no money, but money is a wonderful thing to help, because you can dress the part and live decently until you have the manager's and director's interest. There are plenty of girls with money, just dying to be movie stars, but some of 'em haven't an ounce of talent. You honestly have, Rita. I've been among actors enough to know."

I had never told Mrs. Benson my story. There was nothing about me to indicate that I had ever been anything but a rich man's daughter, and Mrs. Benson took me at face value.

As for Mrs. Benson, the longer I knew her, the more I loved her. She was an aristocratic-looking woman with gray hair which she dressed beautifully.

I used to find myself wondering what she would think if she knew my story and I always came to the same conclusion, that she would be through with me forever. While she was charitable up to a certain point and far from prudish, still conventions meant more to her than a person would expect from a woman who had been on the stage. Once I told her so and she smiled and said, "I'm from the old school, Rita. In my day girls didn't do the things they do now—and get away with them."

"But she'll never know," I said to myself. "Who's to tell her if I don't?"

Yet there was always that lurking dread that in some way she'd discover what I had been. Already that uneasiness of mind was part of the price I would have to pay for having chosen the easiest way.

(*Continued next week*)

Will the Red Hand of Russia Strangle New Movie Expose?

(*Continued from page* 5)

duced by the Russian Princess may be labelled drama when it is finally cut, titled and released. But it will be history in the final analysis, providing her story conforms with truth in every instance.

Inquiry into the identity of the beautiful but mysterious Princess who will furnish the incidents that comprise the plot of "Under the Red Terror" reveals only that she was kin to the Romanoffs and as such was in a position to observe all the intimate details of the empire's fall and the rise to power of the Bolsheviki.

It is this precise knowledge, however, which the present military rulers of Russia might wish to have suppressed and toward which end they might go to any extreme to effect. Will its exposure bring down upon the heads of those responsible for it the mailed fist of the Soviet Government?

A veil of secrecy surrounds the actual filming of this new picture. Just who is financing it and taking the full responsibility for its production is a difficult thing to ascertain. Two very prominent film companies have been named as its producers. But careful investigation reveals neither of these units willing to admit that they are connected with the picture.

As a matter of strict fact, this secrecy, under the conditions which I have described here, is only an ordinary precaution taken most likely to avoid any unpleasant or tragic situations its filming may create. This much is known, however, about the place of production. The interior scenes are being made in or near New York City. And the exteriors will be shot somewhere in Canada.

Movie Weekly intends to secure stills from some of the more sensational parts of the picture as soon as they are made, and will do everything possible to print these pictures at an early date, that depict the actual progress of the burning torch in Russia.

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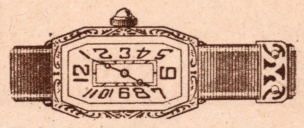

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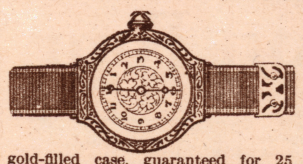

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Harold Lloyd's Autobiography

(Continued from page 13)

sleepless at night, I roused myself. I made up my mind. I resolved that come what would I would go into pictures. I would assail the studios. I would force my way into the sacred precincts of the camera. I would, despite everything, become an actor.

THUS began my pilgrimage to Hollywood. First I tried the Edison company, which was not located in Hollywood, but in Balboa. I wasted several weeks hanging around the Edison studio. I was given a little extra work. It sufficed to provide food, to pay the rent. But it left not a single cent over. At the end of two weeks we were as badly off as we had been before. I knew then that it was useless to hope for anything important at the Edison studio. There, at any rate, I had not made good. I eliminated it from my calculations except in case of emergency.

I turned toward Hollywood. I made inquiries. I learned that the biggest studio, the one where the greatest number of companies was working and therefore the one where I would have the greatest opportunity, was at Universal City. To Universal City I went, not riding in a limousine, not even riding in a street car, but walking, walking down dusty, hard roads, to save five cents.

On Monday morning I walked to Universal City. I shall never forget that morning, nor how I came upon the great studio with its high wall, and its imposing gate. There it stood before me. I went boldly up to the "bull-dog of the gate." I talked to him. I urged him to let me enter.

"You can't get in here," he told me over and over. "No one is allowed to enter unless they have business inside."

"But how do you get a job inside?" I asked him.

"Try the casting department."

The casting department! I knew what that meant. I knew that I would have to wait perhaps for months, that day after day the awful words, "Nothing today," would be drummed into my ears. If you are known, if you have friends, if you have had experience and can show pictures and give a record of pictures in which you have worked, the casting department is an open sesame to you. But if you are unknown, if you have had no experience, if you are bucking the movies as I was, you might as well not waste your time asking the casting director for a job. I am thankful that I knew enough not to waste my time upon the casting director.

So I retreated from the gate and stood in the roadway, watching the fortunate ones within.

That night I walked home.

The next morning I resolved to try again. I could hardly give up. I had no other alternative. I chose Universal City again. Again I walked there. Again I watched for an opportunity, some moment when that ferocious gate-man would relax in his watchfulness, when by some miracle I would be able to get inside of the studio, when by some other miracle I would find enough courage to walk up to a director and to demand a job.

That gate-man stayed there from morning to sunset. He even ate his lunch at the gate.

I ate an apple.

I WATCHED the stars roll out in their cars toward some restaurant in Hollywood. I watched the minor players laughing as they played ball during the lunch hour. I watched the happy extras come hurrying out of the gate to the field across the street, where they sat down and ate in picnic fashion. I watched the grimy carpenters and electricians, with calloused hands, munching their sandwiches within. I envied every mother's son of them, from the star to the electrician.

But I couldn't get in.

Every day that week I vainly rammed my head against the wall of the Universal studio and I made as much impression on that gate-man as if I had been invisible. Indeed, if I had been invisible, I might have been able to get inside. On Saturday, I virtually gave up. I mournfully turned my steps aside. I walked back toward the city. I asked myself over and over whether I was going about it in the right way, whether I was not making a mistake. I told myself that there was no other way open to me. I walked sadly home, exploring my mind for possible ruses and stratagems which might get me a hearing with some official of importance inside of the studio. I thought of permitting myself to be knocked down by the automobile of a star or a director. But that seemed too melodramatic. I might suffer an injury and get nothing but a pauper's hospital bed for my pains. I thought of this scheme and of that, and suddenly the right idea dawned upon me.

On Monday morning I put it into execution.

I did not arrive at the studio early. I timed my arrival so that I would reach Universal City shortly before noon. Under my arm was my make-up box, a treasure which I had owned since I had first become interested in the stage through O'Connor.

It was a clear, warm day. I waited, around the corner of the studio, for noon to arrive. At noon work was stopped within the gates. The lunch hour exodus began. First came the stars in their limousines. Then the extras on foot, one by one, or in pairs, making for the field across the road.

I chose a helpful clump of bushes and concealed myself behind it. I opened my make-up box. Hurriedly before the little mirror, I streaked on the yellowish grease paint and pale pink powder of the studio. I looked at my face in the mirror, when I was finished. I looked, for all the world, like a movie actor.

Breathlessly I waited for the one o'clock whistle to blow. As I heard its loud shriek, I hurried to join the extras returning to work. With them I walked past my unwitting enemy, the gate-man, and with them, I found myself on the set, waiting for the director's whistle, and the gong demanding quiet.

BUT I had nothing to do. I was in the studio, and no one was the wiser. I had gained my first objective, but still I was unable to join these same extras at the paymaster's window. I must have been particularly downcast, for I was thinking that morning my father, my brother and myself had had just enough money among us to last through the day, when someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned, expecting to see the angry face of a studio officer, and threatening words that would cast me out into the world again. But I heard a voice and looked into a curious rather than an angry face. The voice seemingly came from heaven, for the words it uttered were:

"Are you working?"

"No," I replied, truthfully.

"Thought you were working for this company," the man added. "If you're through here, we can use you on Stage No. 2."

I followed him in a haze. I wanted to shout, to laugh, to cry. But I confined my celebration to a small smile, and I accepted his terms for an indefinite engagement as an extra, at three dollars a day.

But my troubles were not over. I did not rise overnight to stardom. I was at the foot of the ladder. I tried with all my power to make good. I worked hard, I played each bit as if the picture depended on my work. But it is difficult for an extra to command the attention of a star. I just kept on playing extra parts, not advancing, standing still, my foot still on the lowermost rung of the ladder, waiting to ascend.

To the youngster, the extra, the best advice I can give is, cultivate friends. Cultivate friends, but make sure that the friends you are winning are of the right sort, energetic, ambitious men and women. I was fortunate in the friends I made at that time.

One of these was Hal Roach. When I met Hal Roach, he was not a producer of movies. He was not even an actor. He was as broke as I. But something about him, his breezy, confident air, the readiness with which he seized every opportunity for advancement, impressed me. Hal arrived in Los Angeles about the same time as I did. He was a big fellow and as Western pictures were then in their heyday, he had no difficulty in obtaining work as a cowboy.

(*Continued next week*)

No Girl Is Safe in Naples Without an Escort

(*Continued from page* 11)

"We had a terrible time getting the picture finished —Italian workmen are so slow. They get to work about nine-thirty and want to quit about five, and they take two hours off for lunch. So the delay in getting our sets built was so great that when we finally did get to work on the picture, we had to work all day and night and every Sunday. Several times I worked twenty-four hours at a stretch.

"Did you get to Paris? Did you bring home a lot of French clothes?" we asked, that being Question Number One from one woman to another who has just returned from abroad.

"I got only two gowns there. I think French clothes are terrible. The women are not nearly so attractive as Americans are and they have none of our ideas as to how clothes should fit. They can't appreciate our narrow, well-fitted shoulders; their sleeves begin about two inches too far down on the arm. When I was abroad a few years ago I brought back eight Paris gowns, and two of them I have never even had on."

So, girls, if you go to bed at night dreaming of the Paris clothes you can't afford to buy, here's the answer. They're not what they're cracked up to be.

"What are you going to play in next?" we asked.

"I'm not sure whether I shall play in a feature picture for Pathe—they're wonderful to work for —or go on the stage. I've been told that I ought to do some stage work."

We paused and surveyed our ice cream thoughtfully.

"Going back to the subject of Naples," we remarked, "the men there, apparently, should be let strictly alone. Hereafter, when we want things Neapolitan—we'll stick to ice cream!"

Less Director and More Drama

(*Continued from page* 8)

fact, both are, or should be, relatively unimportant.

"The great big consideration is the strong dramatic story, full of conflict and rife with suspense. Given this, and the worst director can't produce anything but an interesting picture. Without it, and the best director is helpless.

"Some day," he concluded, as we went to work on some chocolate ice cream, "all pictures will occupy the same high place of dramatic interest and art as 'Tol'able David' did; they will do this when the day comes that we get more drama in our screen plays, for it was the fine element of drama in 'Tol'able David' that made it such an excellent picture. Some day they'll all be that way."

And we think, that if Alfred Lunt has *his* way, they will be, too.

I Shall Not Depend on Beauty to Win Screen Fame

(*Continued from page* 10)

can be. I think the popular idea of how wicked picture people are is greatly exaggerated."

"Well, when you get to be a star you can bet all your friends will be awfully proud of you," we suggested. "Probably they are already, especially your mother."

Miss Mills smiled her radiant smile.

"My mother! I should say she is. She is here in New York with me. I write to all the girls at home and tell them all about everything. I never dreamed I would be interviewed for at least two or three years, but here I am, telling the public all about myself and my ambitions and they hardly know me as yet. But that's the way to meet them, isn't it?" and a doubtful pucker, framed by full, red lips, helped remind us that Alyce Mills was still very much the blushing high school girl experiencing her first real adventure along the road of life. "And wait," she added gaily, "until I tell them I've had my Very First Interview!"

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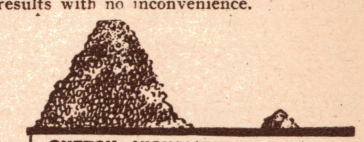
R. Lincoln Graham, M. D., discoverer of the marvelous prescription known as Neutroids, although a practising physician, has finally been prevailed upon to offer his priceless remedy to the public. He insists, however, that Neutroids must be only a PART of his fat-reducing service. You are to write him fully and confidentially. Dr. Graham, or a member of his staff at his New York sanitarium will give careful attention to your inquiries and write you a personal letter of advice. Anyone ordering Neutroids may use this service.



SKETCH VISUALIZES MARVELOUS REDUCTION IN STOMACH YEAST CELLS AFTER ONLY ONE TREATMENT

SEND NO MONEY—SEND ONLY THIS COUPON

Fill in and mail this coupon only, to my sanitarium. I will send you two full weeks' treatment of fat-reducing Neutroids. Pay the postman only $2 (a small portion of my regular consulting fee) plus 15 cents postage. If the treatment does not effect a satisfactory reduction, return the empty box and I will refund your money. (Signed) R. Lincoln Graham, M. D.

Dr. R. Lincoln Graham, care of The Graham Sanitarium, Inc., 128 East 89th St., Dept. 108, New York City:—Send me two weeks' treatment of Neutroids which entitles me to free professional mail consulting service and free booklet on Obesity. I will pay postman $2 (plus 15c postage) on arrival of the Neutroids in *plain package*. I understand my money will be refunded if I do not get a satisfactory reduction from this 2 weeks' treatment.

Name.....Age.....Sex.....

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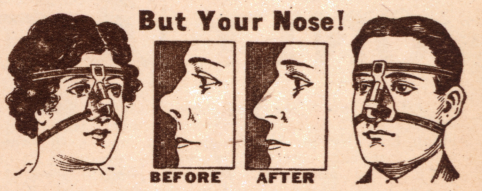
IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "*looks*," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny.

My newest greatly improved superior *Nose-Shaper*, "Trados Model 25" U. S. Patent, corrects now all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortable and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in Nose Shapers and surpasses all my previous Models and other Nose Shaper Patents by a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamois and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn a night it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials on hand, any my fifteen years of studying and manufacturing nose Shapers is at your disposal, which guarantees you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose.



(Above illustration represents my "Trade-Mark" and shows my first and oldest Nose Shaper. It is not a replica of my latest superior Model No. 25.)

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

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Are You the Kind of Guest People Like to Invite?

SOME people always feel out of place at a dinner, or a dance, or a party. They are always constrained, always embarrassed. Others are so well-poised and at ease at all times—so able to mingle with the other guests and make themselves agreeable—that hostesses are eager to invite them.

Do you know all the little secrets of being a **likable guest?** Do you know what is expected of you on all occasions—how to make introductions and how to start interesting conversation after the introduction; what to wear to formal functions and to informal functions; how to make every one who comes into contact with you feel calm, at ease? The person with winning manners is always welcome. With the poise and dignity that good manners give, any one can quickly adapt oneself to every environment—can be at all times, with all people, cultured, impressive, well-liked.

Why Some People Always Feel Out of Place

HAVE you ever noticed, at any social function you may have attended, that bad manners instantly distinguish themselves? If a woman is embarrassed, constrained, ill-at-ease, everyone knows at once that she is not used to good society. If a man uses his fork in a clumsy manner, or makes incorrect use of the finger-bowl, he cannot conceal the fact that he is ill-bred.

No hostess likes to invite to her home a man or woman she knows will make embarrassing mistakes. They invariably make others feel uncomfortable in their presence. But the person with winning manners is always welcome.

Do You Ever Feel Tongue-Tied Among Strangers

Do *you* ever wonder what to say after the introduction is made? Do *you* ever feel embarrassed, confused, stifled when you are among strangers?

The greatest value of etiquette is that it enables you to adapt yourself to every environment—gives you a sense of peace and security. It enables you to feel "at home" in all surroundings—to mingle with all people and feel entirely calm, at ease.

The Tell-Tale Marks of Bad Manners

There are so many little tell-tale blunders that one can make—as a guest, for instance. Do you know what to say to the hostess when you arrive? Do you know how to acknowledge introductions—whether the form "How do you do" is correct; whether one may say "Pleased to meet you?" Do you know the correct order of precedence into the dining-room? Do you know whether olives are taken with the fingers or a fork, whether the fork is held in the left hand or the right, whether bread may be bitten into or must be broken into small pieces as eaten?

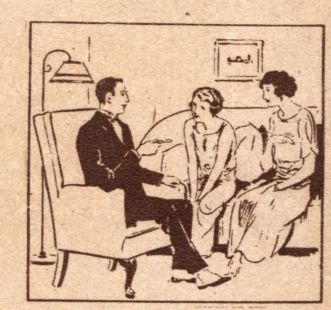
The Book of Etiquette in Two Volumes—A Recognized Authority

Have you ever wondered how a home should be decorated for a wedding? what to serve at a luncheon? How to acknowledge an invitation?

Do you know how to word an invitation, what to wear to a theatre party, how to set the table for a formal dinner, how to register at a hotel?

Whatever you want to know you can find in the Book of Etiquette—the famous two-volume set that is today being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country. Weddings, parties, dinners, teas, dress, speech, correspondence—you will find complete details on every phase of conduct that interests you.

May we send you this famous two-volume set today? Take advantage of the big special bargain explained in the panel to the left.



Winning manners are more important than pretty clothes. Can you adapt yourself to every environment—make yourself always pleasant and well-liked?

Mistakes at the table distinguish themselves at once. Little blundering errors condemn a man or woman as ill-bred. Do you know all the rules of table etiquette?

Special Bargain!

The Famous Book of Etiquette

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I accept your special offer. You may send me the complete, two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. When it arrives I will give the postman only $1.98 (plus few cents postage) instead of $3.50, the regular price. I retain the privilege of returning the books at any time within 5 days of their receipt, and my money will be refunded at once.

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